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LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER.

From a work published in England in 1828, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SPRING'S SILVER CUP.

This handsome piece of plate was made by Messrs. Grayhurst, Harvey, and Co., silversmiths, of the Strand; and was presented to Spring, at Hereford, with the following inscription engraven upon it:—

1823.
TO THOMAS WINTER,
Of Founhope, in the county of Hereford,
This Cup was presented,
By his Countrymen of the Land of Cider,
In Token of their Esteem for the Manliness and Science
Which, in many severe Contests in the Pugilistic Ring,
under the name of
SPRING,
Raised him to the proud Distinction of
THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

The above inscription is surrounded by a handsome device of apples, &c., at the bottom of which is a representation of two game-cocks at the close of a battle, one standing over the other. On the other side of the cup is a view of the P. R., with two pugilists in attitudes. Upon the top or lid of the cup is a cider-barrel placed on a stand. The inside is gilt; and it is large enough to hold a gallon of "nectar divine." It has also two elegantly chased handles, and a fluted pedestal. Upon the whole, it has a very handsome appearance and reflects great credit on the taste and workmanship displayed by Messrs. Grayhurst and Co.

During the time Spring and Cribb were on a sparring tour through the principal towns in England, he met with the Irish Champion, Jack Langan, when the following correspondence took place between them:—

To Mr. Spring, Town Hall Tavern, Manchester.

SIR—As you have taken on yourself the title of Champion of England, you are of course open to fight any man provided he can get backed for what is considered in the London Ring a handsome Stake. I have now to inform you, that some Gentleman in Manchester will back me to fight you for one hundred sovereigns a-side. To any other person I might have made some kind of an apology for this rough invitation, but I am confident you will take it as it is meant, that is in the way of business, the bearer, Mr. Reynolds will make any appointment convenient to yourself, for putting down some Money to make the match.

I am Sir your humble servt.
JOHN LANGAN.
Running Horses, Salford Sept. 29th 1853.

Mr. Langan Running Horse Salford.

To Mr. langen—SIR—haveing some munths ago recived a challing from you in Ireland for £100 which if I had thoate the som worth my notice I should have answered that without waiting for a repetecion and should serve this in the same way but soposing you do not understand what silent contempe means therefore to inform you that I do not think it worth my notice tho it may answer youer purpose as it may please the fealingsof some sholl boy to say in company [I have challenged the Champion of England, and the dare not fight me] this may appear very pleasing to your fealings if so you are very welcom to them, but before I close I wish to inform you that I will meate you half way between london and Manchester and fight you for £500 a-side and stake £100 at eney time you thinks proper and if youer friends think you can win £100 they will not hesitate to back you for £500 a-side if this wos to eney other gentleman but Mr. Langen I should make some apology for addressing him in this manner but I think it is not necessary as it is in his way of Business.

Youers, &c.
T. WINTER—SPRING.

Mr. T. Spring, Town-Hall-Tavern, Manchester.

SIR—When the brave and manly Cribb made you a present of the Championship of England you promised in the Face of the world to imitate his praiseworthy conduct in the Prize Ring. But th promise you have not fulfilled, for Cribb never Sneer'd at a £100 customer or told him that he treated his offer with contempt Recollect the title you hold was but a gift for which you never fought I will advise you to keep this in mind, for it will check that vanity with which you are so terribly bloated a vanity without the least foundation except it is for beating the Grey Headed Old Stinger or winning the made up fight with Tom Oliver, or is it your being well drubed by the one armed Criple Ned Painter Out of complement to the county we are in I will not mention the particulars of the great girl fight between you and Jack Carter With respect to Neat you rose nothing by that victory all you could gain by that fight is money But it appears by your answer to my challenge that money is the God you worship What fame had he acquired he certainly managed to beat Tom Oliver after repeatedly giving up in the course of the battle and he gallantly beat the Gas Light Man not within three stone of his own weight and it is well known the Gas man received a £1000 for losing the battle. Is it for beating the prince of curs who gave in without a mark or losing one drop of Blood in his fight with you that you call yourself Champion. My friends in the county will back me against any one you ever fought in the sum of £100 to £80. I would never have Thought it worth my while to bring back to your memory days long past out that you seem to forget yourself. But look back to your memory days long past out that you seem to forget yourself. But look back in your native county could not get friends to back you for £50 a-side. I am an Irishman a stranger in this county and the circle of my friends very limited but they have in my opinion come handsomely forward in backing me for the sum I have offered. Permit me to say that in my opinion you display a great deal of the Cur in thus naming a Sum which you must be confident I cannot raise but all the world must know the true reason for any other pugilist that meant fighting would think it a good Stake. The son of your host has circulated a report that if I cannot get backed for £500 a-side it would not suit your purpose to go into training and that you say you will give me a good milling for love believe me you could not have met a more accommodating Customer than myself money with me is the least consideration only name the place and you will find me your humble servant, you or me must be Champion. And should it fall to my lot I give you my word I will never refuse any man in the World a trial that can get backed for £100. You will oblige me by naming when you will give me this promised drubbing and never fear but I will attend to the appointment--An answer as soon as possible will oblige.

Your humble servt.
JOHN LANGAN.
Sept. 30th, 1823. Running Horses, Salford.

Ireland v England.

From the Stockport Advertiser.

Our publishing last week the classical correspondence between Langan and Spring, seems to have produced a good deal of ire from Mr. Spring, and he has in consequence addressedthe following letter, by handbill, to Mr. Langan, which has been strictly copied:—

SIR,---I should have not condescended to have answered your letter, had I not have been in a strange town, in which I owe to the public my best thanks for their liberal support, while I have had the honor to appear before them--the following statement of facts will, I hope, satisfy every liberal mind; and place you in that situation, which your conduct towards me justly merits.

On perusing the Stockport Advertiser this morning, dated October 3d, I was rather surprised at finding an article headed "Correspondence between the Champion of Ireland (Langan) and the Champion of England, (Spring,) which the Editor observes he gives Verbatim Etliteratim? My Orthography may, perhaps, be questionable; but, certainly I am not the Dunce his gabbled statement would make me appear, as it is not exactly essential for a fighting man to be a Classical Scholar. He, in the first place, states, "We herewith give the correspondence between these two Champions, as promised in our last." I should be glad to be informed how the Editor of the Stockford Advertiser could make such a promise last week, when at the time of that paper going to press, it was not even known in Manchester, that I should have the honor of visiting it; but allowing him every credit for this wonderful foresight, I should proceed to answer Mr. Langan's last letter, as my answer to his former is already before the public.

I should wish to inform Mr. Langan, that if he pursues the line of conduct he has adopted, he will soon lose that estimation with Englishmen, which he seems so desirous of attaining; I can assure him,blackguardism never arrived at the top of the tree, in what he terms our line of business. I will pass over the manner in which he states I obtained the title I now hold, to that wherein he observes 'I forget when I could not get backed for £50.' I beg leave to inform Mr. Langan, that he has been led into an error on that subject; for I never saw the day but I could raise that sum without troubling strangers for it.

If I could not, I feel assured Mr. Langan ought to be the last man to mention such a circumstance; for I never ran away, and left a wife and family to want the means of Existence!—No: God forbid I ever should, or should any other Englishman! But I wish to let Mr. Langan understand that he is the first man that ever dared to call me a cur; I will leave that to all England to decide for me---as I feel assured, any one who ever saw me fight, will do me the justice to say, I do not deserve that epithet.

Mr. Langan should listen to the advice of his tutor with caution! or he may repent it. Pray what was the reason of the said tutor visiting Manchester, without a coat on his back, or a shilling in his pocket, if he had always done right? It my recollection does not fail me his tutor fought the same day that I beat the Grey Headed Old Stringer. I have fought eight battles since, seven of which I have won; he has not fought one in the London Ring since; what is the reason? Why this: who was it that made poor West Country Dick lose his fight with David Hudson, and which was ultimately the cause of his being sent out of the London Ring, let Mr. Langan reflect on this and judge for himself. Now sir I am coming to the point;--You say I am a cur, because I name £500 as my sum to fight for; a sum well known to you and your friends before you challenged me. You well knew I would not fight for £100, or you would not have dared to have challenged me, nor would your tutor have advised you to it.

But I wish for the Public to judge for themselves; you know my sum was £500; you challenged me for £100 and to show you I wish to be accommodating, I now inform you, Mr. Langan, that I will meet you half way, namely, you raise £200 and I will sink £200; that is making £300 a-side. Now we shall see who is the cur; but I wish to inform Mr. Langan and the World, and I shall not consider this Binding on my part, longer than I am in Manchester, if the match is not made before I leave, which will be on Thursday next, I shall then consider myself at my full price again.

I remain, &c.
Manchester, Oct. 3.
T. WINTER [SPRING.]

(To be Continued.)

The Great Black Fight

Between Manual Victorine and Lalla Soortee.

A little "bit of life," it should seem, is the order of the day in Bombay, amongst the folks who are far distant from their "dear native home;" and like at every other place when the Nobs can enjoy it upon the sly, they do not mind masquerading it for a short time to please "their Fancy."—The editor of the Sporting Magazine, published at the Courier Press, appears from the description of "the row," as he terms it, to have most fully entered into the spirit of the '*Black Mill*.' He thus observes:—

"Yesterday morning several hundred copper-colored amateurs of sporting celebrity, who uphold by their patronage the nascent interests of native pugilism, proceeded to settle the long chaffed of fight between the above named coveys. Manual being a Bawurchee, from Bandora, near that pig-prolific place Mahim; and Lalla, a milling Mussaulchee, of the Mogul Seroy, Surat, for a bottle of rack and a belly full.

"The quarrel which gave rise to this meeting is somewhat singular, and deserves previous mention; it originated in Lalla having upon a certain afternoon, furtively and feloniously introduced his long bony fingers into a dish of curry, just removed from master's table, with the somewhat proper intention of extracting all, or parts, of its savory contents, for the benefit, comfort, and consolation of his own personal gastic regions; and which said savory contents, time out of mind (that is, since he was able to handle a handee in the kitchen, or chase a chicken to death in the compound,) had ever been considered by Manuel (agreeably to the usages of his ancestors) as his legitimate property, and had by him been always accordingly appropriated to his own private and peculiar refreshment. This atrocious intrusion did not escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of the injured person, who having what is commonly called an obliquity o vision, had (whilst his straightforward optic watched the projection of the pudding) kept his Lesbian squinter dancing in zig-zags all over the kitchen.

'The cook-boy's eye, in a rum *phrenzy* rolling,
Glances from pot to pan, from pan to pot,
And, as the streamy odors issuing forth
Denote their rich contents, the cook-boy's ladle
Tumbles them forth, and gives to hungry subs
A devilish fine blow-out and d—d good feed!'

Manuel, thus wary and vigilant, although busied in the mysterious duties of his avocation, heard, with surprise, the lean and hungry Cassius-looking Lalla, as he stealthily stole into the cook-room; he watched him with wonder, ogling the curry-dish; he beheld him with horror lift the lid, and with uncontrollable indignation he saw him thrust his Day-and-Martin fist slap-dash in the saffron-colored contents, which, with the skill and rapidity of an accomplished purloiner, he was conveying to the upper end of his middle garment, when, dashing the custard full into the pilferer,s face, the enraged Bawurchee brandished his iron ladle, and, with one well-directed blow, he laid Mussaulchee flat!

"No sooner had he thus floored him, than he applied his foot, with scientific force and dexterity, to that tender part of poor Lalla's person, which I should blush to mention, but which George Colman, in his usual felicitous way, wittily, yet delicately, denominates "*The Head's Antipodes*." Thus both ends of the intruder's carcase experienced their share of punishment; the upper story from the ladle thump, and the blistering effects of the scalding custard, and the fundamental department from the rat-a-tat application of the cook's unmitigating kicks. The prostrate pilferer darted from the scene of his disgrace, well daubed with the yellow fruits of his crime, blent with the hot creamy curds of the custard, and sprinkled with the blood which the blow on his head and the kicks on the opposite sphere had produced from his nasal promontory.

"The butler listened to the Mussaulchee's story, who, having the very material advantage of a first hearing, was, of course, believed and absolved from all blame; while the cook, though he produced the remains of both curry and custard, in corroboration of the correctness of his statement, was pronounced to be a liar, and reported as such and *more* to he master, who, of course, on the Bootrel's verdict ordered him into the house, and licked him on the spot. This second hand sort of justice, from the hands of the Sahib, did not satisfy the knawings of revenge which the Mussaulchee felt in his bosom, and the beating which the cook had so unjustly received made him also impatient to return the same with interest on the skin and bones of the violato of his rights. Both being so ready and so willing, a meeting was arranged by their mutual friends, and it was agreed (at the suggestion of some incipient pugilists) that they should box it out, *Englis fassun*, and that day fortnight was fixed for the fiight.

"THE PREPARATIONS.—The day dawned as days usually dawn in the Deccan; first a faint greyish light glimmered in the east, then off went the morning gun, and on to parade marched the military, and out for their constitutionals toddled the civil and the sick; a tint of crimson flushed the horizon, and up rose the golden sun; then back to their barracks bundled the red-jackets, and home to their cribs cantered the blacks. The intelligence of a fight with fists having been widely spread, and the office having been giving for Bosregaum, a half ruined village about seven miles from Poona, the roads leading to it by the Sungum, Kirkee, or Bhopekail, were crowded with all the native lads of the Fancy in camp, from the peculating Parsee rumbling in his cow-cart, or rattling on his broken-kneed and broken-winded prad, to the pariar outcast, who, for the love of fun and the novelty of a fight, had for once forsaken the necessary duties of his brush and basket, and left his matutinal stores, like unseen flowers, "to waste their sweetness in the desert air." In one continuous line, like a procession of black ants, were seen the senor partizans of the cook; the first circle sort dandily done up in true Monmouth street toggery, with faded green coats, sky-blue waistcoats, and yellow-ochre tights, their *tout ensemble* something Europeanized by the frilled shirts of their masters, borrowed from the Dhobee, and their dog's ears bound up to their cheek bones by dingy silk fogles. Most of these kiddies might have quoted the facetious Hood, and said,

'I have a hat which is not all a hat,
Part of the brim is gone.'

The riff-raff coves of this party were principally countrymen also, joined by others of "Master's caste," coatless, hatless, shoeless, shirtless, almost breechless rogues, who kept up the courage and spirits of their champion by shouting well-known rhymes of reproach to the sons of Surat. The Mussaulchee was escorted by the cadgers, costermongers, prime slavery swells, and nothing to-do lootchas of every sect in Camp, Hindoo, Purwarree, Mussulmaun, Dhare, high caste, low caste, and no caste, all with noise, uproars, shouts, threats, oaths, and abuse; all in dust and confusion, toddled on all agog for the fray, all ripe for fun and all brimful of rack, and mowrah, and opium, and "that veed of all veeds, boys, the backee."

"APPEARANCE OF THE MEN.—At half-past seven Manuel, attired in a sky-blue (something tarnished) coat, garnished with brass buttons, with the flaps warming his hips, and the skirts dallying with his heels, in a red waistcoat that looked like an infantry shell, and nankeen fie-for-shames that reached to his calves, entered the centre of the gutlemanly crowd, attended by his two intimate friends, Antone and Gabriel; the latter as little resembled his Angel namesake as the former did his patron saint. On *shelling*, Manuel appeared in good condition; a squinting, swarthy, long-backed covey, with a straight leg and a bandy one, a haf woolly head of hair, deep set dirk eyes, a Blackfriarsbridge kind of konk, and a particularly pendulous nether lip. Lalla arrived and peeled at the same time, and never was there seen so splendid a specimen of anatomy; he was a facsimile of the "Living Skeleton;" indeed, so little flesh or muscle did he exhibit, that his *bones rattled* as he walked. He was pewter-bind of his dexter ogle, and his sinister one was as protrusive as alobster's; between those lay his sneezer, a three cornered looking feature, like the button of a privy door; his nostrils extending equal to the corners of his lips, which wen both skinny and scruffy.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men were over lushy, and consequestly, not over leary Manual's sts were elevated over his head t arms' length, as though he woul pound his adversary into powdr. Lalla's right mauley was double up to his right ear. whilst his left, stiff and straight, pointed smack at his opponent's naval dept. In these attitudes they stood fr some seconds, and bespattered each others relatives with dreadful buse, till, roused by an indelicate illusion to his mother, the cook l fly his fists whach on the Mussulchee's cannister, and down h went. Shouts of 'Sha-bash for the Bawurchee!'

2. Lalla, without waiting for useless sparring, rushed in, striking right and left, and missing all, and dashing his head into the pit of Manuel's granary, who instantly favored Mussaulchee with the whole of its curious contents and fell.

Lalla stood up quite fresh, and Manuel faint and pucking; the former again made his rush, but the other, though weakly, was weary, and, seizing him by the right ear with one hand, continued to shove the thumb of the other into the only ogle in Lalla's unfortunate phiz, who, in great agony, fastened his teeth in Manuel's ear, and brought him down.

4. Lalla came to the scratch bellowing and blind. Manuel still catting and crafty; but before Lalla's sight would enable him to see the blow, the cook's foot fell dab on his ivories, which rattled like the keys of a harpsichord 'He's looze all his tooths!' cried a Parzeeham. 'That dam lie,' said a Senor, 'he not lose all, him only knockee out two!' Another dig on his rice-grinders setteled the round by a struggle on the soft rocks.

5. Manuel's friends had now whispered him to try Lalla's mode of skirmishing, by ramming his pimple into Lalla's bowel-box, which monœuvre he accordingly attempted to put into practice but, as his opponent happened also to do the same, their brain-pots came together with a shock that sent both staggering and stunned down to mother muttee.

6 and last: both seemed bothered; the Mussaulchee bled at the nose and mouth, and the cook looked like a tiger cat; and seizing hold of Lalla's lean legs, he lifted him from the ground, and threw him over his sholders; but Lalla, fixing on the softest and lowest part of his back, bit him there till his teeth met. Manuel roared out with pain, and retaliated on the Mussaulchee's calfless limbs; both in agony rolled on the ground, keeping their holds like bulldogs, till Manuel's friends rushed in to part them, and Lalla's partizans attempted to prevent any interference; so a general row took place, blows resounded, stones flew about, and sticks rattled against the bones of the skirmishers, till, after much bloodshed and more bruises, both parties separated, each carrying off their champion as the conqueror, and each side, of course, claiming the victory.

REMARKS.

In this fight, the first of the kind ever recorded in Indian annals, it was flesh and bandy-leg against bones and a pewter-eye; both men were more bit than beat, and we trust that the very respectable native amateurs of this science, who patronised this battle, will endeavour to make their fighters make, in future, more use of their knuckles and less of their grinders. Manuel went home and soon got beastly drunk with arrack, while Lalla, not satisfied with his beating, banged himself *a la sortee*.

"Poona, Oct. 17, 1820."

Grand Soiree of Franklin Engine Co. No. 3, of Brooklyn. The Yankee Clock in full Running Order.

This magnificent affair came off at Montague Hall, on Monday evening last. The room was most beautifully decorated on the occasion. The Orchestra was draped in the fore ground with a superb Flag of the Free, while in Relief was the Leader Jacket, above which were the Caps of the Foreman and First and Second Assistants, crowned with a most spledid *wreath*, while on the wall was suspended the Banner of the Company, and also the Guide Colors of the Velsor Guards, named in honor of the present Chief Engineer of Brooklyn. The Ball Room was extremely crowded with both sexes. The fascinating Miss F—ny, of Hudson Avenue, was all smiles on this occasion. Miss C D—ee, of Pineapple street, deserves the title of Belle of the Ball, but the numerous competitors she had to contend against, will not allow us to decide upon any single person. The charming little Miss M. L. Y—tes, of *Stanton* street, was constantly surrounded by a crowd of admirers. The beautiful Miss M. McG—y, of Hudson avenue, and the bewitching Miss S—les, of Fleet street, lacked not in want of attention—they were the best dancers present. The amiable Miss M—n, of High street, created some little furore among the gentlemen. The Misses M—tt, of Court street, dressed in white, appeared to great advantage. Miss B—rr, dressed in black satin, received marked attention. Among the male portion we observed Mr. P. Lahey, the gentlemanly and obliging Foreman of Washington Engine Co. No. I. He was accompanied by his First and Second Assistants, Messrs. Atkinson and Gray. Mr. L. McLaughlin proved that he was no common waltzer. A delegation of Fulton Hose No. 5 were present. Mr. W. Howlett, of New York, proved to be a perfect lady-killer. The enjoyment was kept until a late hour.

THE FOX CHASE OF THE SEA.

The Sport of Sports (observes Captain Hall, in his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," a most amusing and interesting work, recently published,) is furnished by Jack's hereditary enemy, the Shark.

The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer, working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the complete book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the progress of this wild scene. I remember once observing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the after part of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. "What's the matter with you, master Mona?" said the quarter-master (for the animal came fro n Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen). Jacko replied not, but merely stretched his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. "Messenger, run to the cook for a piece of pork," cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. "Where's your hook, quartermaster?" "Here, sir, here!" cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds---for nothing scarcely is too large or too high in flavor for the stomach of a shark; the hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb; this fierce looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gabble the bait so deep into his stomach, that, but for the chain, he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head of an asparagus.

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but, in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite he sails slowly up to the bait, smells it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, out soon returns again to enjoy the delicious haut-gout, as the sailors term the flavor of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by Jack Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money; the rigging, the mizen top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings, and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for anything but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who they trust will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together, after which the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white, many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galloon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptoms of an enemy's flag, coming down in the fight, was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark's turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks, by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin.

When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below, and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd, but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partly out of the water: this, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again, as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungle apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat, or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log line of a ship going twelve knots.

The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage, and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off to digest the remainder as he best can. It is accordingly held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns, and twists, and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe. No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking, or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bow line knot is always adopted: this noose being slipped down the rope, and passed over the monster's head, is made to join at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is easily drawn over the top-rail, and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large sized shark's tail might break a man's leg, and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victims keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depte which his teeth should pierce the leah would furnish a sort of scale of the fored exerted.

I need scarcely mention that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion, and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the after-guard. For this time, however, all such considerations are superseded; that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport,—and he must be rather a spooney skipper that does not: if he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the forecastle, amidst the kicks, thumps and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near him, but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors, to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside, but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the Alceste in Angree roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings, and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea monster's inside But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day, for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles, one by one, from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads, d'ye see that! he has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not *dis-gest* the hide!"

Life and Battles IN THE Prize-Ring OF YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Arranged and Compiled from various authorities, expressly for *The New York Clipper.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT, BETWEEN Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

WON BY HYER IN SEVENTEEN MINUTES AND EIGHTEEN SECONDS.

From the N. Y. Police Gazette of Feb. 10, 1849.

The great prize fight, which has been the standard topic of conversation for the last six months in fighting circles, and which, to confess the truth, has occupied a large share of the attention of refined society during the same period of time, came off, according to agreement, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., at Rock Point, mouth of Still Pond Creek, in Kent county, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, about 40 miles from Baltimore.

The location originally intended for the arena, was Pool Island, in the upper part of Chesapeake bay, which had been selected by Sullivan three weeks before as the most eligible spot for the intended meeting, as he had heard that its jurisdiction was disputed, or divided by the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States. Moreover, it was thirty miles away, with but two buildings, except the lighthouse stationed on it, and therefore could not produce much local interference with the proceedings of the invading hordes who would pour upon it on the indicated day, as if from the mouth of the everlasting pit.

But while Pool Island lay perfectly quiet, showing no signs of disgust or opposition, obstacles were breeding in Baltimore, and by-and-by that virtuous city, which usually has a man a week killed in its streets, or two or three riots in the same period of time, became so indignant at the idea of making a hundred thousand dollars or so, by having a match of fisticuffs within electric distance of its borders, that it organized voluntary patrols to frown down the outrage, and stuffed a broken winded steamboat with crowds of infantry armed to the teeth, to rake the Chesapeake up and down, and in default of capturing the combatants, to sing Watts's hymns in honor of Gov. Thomas, the night through.

These preparations on the part of the authorities of the State of Maryland, and of the city of Baltimore, to stop the fight, commenced on Tuesday morning, and both the steamboats which had been chartered by the several crowds, were paralysed by the authorities with writs against their captains, and one of them, the Boston, was chartered by the State for the pursuit. While things were in this condition, Hyer, apprehending, and correctly as it proved, that warrants would be despatched after him and his trainers, slipped away from his training ground and went to Carroll's Island, a little island next to Pool's. Sullivan had anticipated him in this prudent course, having arrived at Carroll's Island on Monday afternoon, and crossed to Pool's before Hyer's arrival. Hyer shortly after crossed to Pool Island also, and put up at the house attached to the light-house, while Sullivan had secured the only other place for human accommodation, at some distance off.

Leaving the principal parties thus bestowed, we will now return to Baltimore, to see how matters progress with those who have charge of the grand preliminaries of the affair, and with those likewise who were endeavoring to get a thimbleful of reputation out of the excitement, by trying to stop it.

Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, the backers, judges, referee, bottle-holders, &c., of both parties, in Baltimore, finding that there was to be no steamboating on the following morning, hired two oyster smacks, and embarked, to the number of one hundred, each side, and at 10 o'clock, put out upon the Chesapeake, in a bright cold night, but so tempestuous with the wind, that the captains of the pungees had some ugly doubts themselves as to the safety of the surface of the bay.

The name of the boat containing Sullivan's party was the "Whig," and as she swung from the dock, the Boston was "firing up" to carry her military cargo to the same place to intercept them. However, the smacks sailed away unmolested. At the same hour, High Constable Gifford, of Baltimore, left with thirteen men, across the land to the nearest point opposite the designated scene of combat. At a quarter before 12, the Boston got off on her errand. We have now three expeditions all directed to one spot, two of which were in pursuit, and the third dodging the chase.

THE DESCENT OF THE POLICE.

The pungees arrived at the island first; the "Whig" reaching the shore at half-past one, p. m. Joe Beard, of Baltimore, and Country McGloester were then sent ashore to see if Sullivan was on the island, receiving directions, if he were asleep, not to wake him, but to let him have his natural rest till five o'clock. They were then to wake him and tell him the steamboat was coming and to hurry him on board. Following these directions, Joe, finding Sullivan asleep, sat down by the fire as a sentry and went to sleep himself. Hyer's boat had now arrived, when a similar course was pursued in relation to him, the two boats meanwhile swinging to their anchors, and waiting for the daylight and the embarkment of their men.

In the meantime, Captain Gifford and his thirteen arrived upon the western beach of the bay at three o'clock, and seizing a boat in the name of the State, they unmoored, and set out in the biting atmosphere for the island. As they approached it, they perceived the steamer Boston entering on the scene. They passed under her bows and hailed her, but such was the howling of the wind and the coldness of the night, that they were unheard. Gifford then debarked, and with his force, proceeded to Hyer's house.

HYER'S ESCAPE.

The friends of Hyer were not keeping a bright look-out; but one of them, nevertheless, heard the tramp of the police and ran up stairs in time to give Tom notice, whereupon he jumped up instantly and putting Thompson, his trainer, in his bed, ran down stairs, and crept under the cot of a negress on the ground floor.

While thus surrounded, Dutch Charley conveyed him his clothes, and he commenced dressing with the utmost rapidity, to take advantage of the first opportunity of escape. At this moment the officers were being led up stairs by the owner of the house, who knew nothing of the metamorphosis that had taken place. The owner of the house pointed to Thompson in the bed. Seeing that he was a huge man, and taking him for Hyer, the officers soon desisted from their attempts to pull the cover from his face, and leaving a small detachment in charge, set out with the rest for Sullivan's house. As soon as they had gone, Hyer broke through the sash of the room below, and commenced running towards the beach, but he was hailed by Winrow from a tree, who joined him in the flight. Arriving at the beach, they found two men with a boat belonging to the steam propellor "Columbia," from Philadelphia, which had just arrived off the island with about one hundred passengers, to see the fight. They thus reached their schooner, and were safe.

SULLIVAN'S ESCAPE.

When the police arrived at Sullivan's house, after leaving Hyer's, Joe Beard was dozing by the fire, but not so sound as not to hear Gifford ask a question, and the man of the house reply, that Sullivan was up stairs. He gave the alarm in time, and Sullivan sprang out of the window, but being confronted with two men, one of whom levelled a pistol at him, was glad to retire back. He then roused Tom O'Donnell, his second, from his sleep, and with that quickness of thought for which he always has been remarkable, threw a cloak over Tom O'Donnell's shoulders, and clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Run, Sullivan, run, as if hell had kicked you!" The officers, completely deceived at this, seized O'Donnell, while the real Simon Pure slipped away. Sullivan then ran to a tree and climbed it for a few moments in case they should return, but seeing they did not, he slipped down, and crawling low into the advancing dawn, made for the beach like his opponent. Meantime the officers were lugging O'Donnell along, while Gifford would renew his grip on his collar every minute, like a man who doubted he was in a dream of fortune, and exclaim at intervals in half soliloquy, "Ah, Sullivan, you're pretty smart, but you're not smart enough for us!" What he said when he discovered how Sullivan had fooled him, we have not heard. At the beach Sullivan was met by Johnny McGrath, the ex-champion of the English light-weights, who taking him on his shoulders, marched with him through the surf, and placed him in the propeller's boat, and had him rowed on board.

THE EMBARKATION.

Soon after this the Cumberland moved towards Sullivan's pungee and put him aboard. The propeller then started up the bay, and the Boston, with the military, mistaking her motions, supposed the two men had been taken on board of her and were going off to night. The latter, therefore, set out in chase, leaving the two pungees, which really contained the objects of their search, behind. Sullivan's boat then hailed Hyer's, and Colton, to guard against surprise in case they should leave the island and Hyer's party remain on the ground, and win by being present merely, called out, "Show us Hyer and we'll show you Sullivan." Hyer and Sullivan were then brought up. As soon as they gazed upon each other, the eyes of the latter flashed like fire, and he shook his fist at his tall opponent with a passionate epithet. "Look here, my little man," said the captain of the "Whig," "if you allow yourself to get in such a passion on the start, you'll get whipped." "Will you follow us?" said Beckett, Sullivan's principal backer, to the opposing judge. "Yes," said Hyer, answering himself, "follow you anywhere." They then bore up the Chesapeake, finishing up the picture of the chase, the propeller being ahead, in the distance, the Boston next, and the two pungees, which were taken for outsiders going to see the fight, coming last. After Sullivan's schooner had got two or three miles away, those who were on board of her were surprised to find they were not followed by the other pungee, when dreading a ruse of Hyer's party again, they returned. But when they got back they found their suspicions were unjust, and that Hyer's pungee was aground. Sullivan took the opportunity to send ashore for his fighting shoes which he had left behind, in his flight.

Time kept running away, and still Hyer's boat stuck fast, and in the chagrin of delay the eager parties were more than once tempted to take advantage of the absence of their pursuers and the readiness of the ring, which stood "all set" before their eyes, to settle the business of the day before they got back. Had they known how little time it was to take they might have done so with ease. Meantime, the Boston had discovered her error, and was returning fast. By good luck for the fighters, however, Hyer's schooner got afloat just as she came up, and by bad luck for the hungry sogers the Boston got aground at the same time, and the two pungees, free at last, sailed off together, with their fingers to their bowsprits, in derision at the ineffectual attempts of all Baltimore and Maryland to interfere with the boys of New York.

It was now settled that Hyer's boat should take the lead, and all hands being rather wolfish by their numerous disappointments, agreed to drop upon the first conveinent spot, whether it was in Maryland, or Delaware, or Virginia, or hell. At half-past one o'clock they espied four or five small oyster smacks, and judging it to be a proper place, the crowd, to the number of some two hundred, debarked.

THE DEBARKATION.

The motley crowd, glad to set foot on shore after the lengthened cramp which they had undergone in their close quarters, hastily poured out, and swarmed in little buzzing knots upon the shore. Sullivan was among the first who felt the terra firma which he was to make such familiar acquaintance with before the afternoon was out, and espying a house at the distance of some three quarters of a mile ahead, set out to reach it before the opposing party, in order to secure what advantage there might be in the earliest acquaintance with the inmates. Hyer, more prudent, however preferred to avoid the trudging through the snow, and laid himself down in the bottom of a cart stuffed half full of straw, and suffered himself to be driven easily to the same place. A mile of circuit, which might have been shortened by another path, brought them to the dwelling on the beach, and under its roof both the combatants found equal shelter. Each took up his quarters in large rooms on either side of the main hall, and huge fires of crackling hickory soon streamed up the capacious chimney-pieces, either in honor of the unexpected comers, or in deference to their powers of annoyance, should they be treated with any less difference than was due to the actual lords in fee simple and manorial right, to the estate.

The principals, both in good spirits, took their seats by the cheerful fires, while their satellites in reverential silence, grouped themselves around to listen to the least expression which might fall from those who were to be the heroes of the day.

SETTING THE STAKES.

Meanwhile the more interested of the attaches of the separate sides, occupied themselves in making preparations for the ring. The spot selected for the arena by Sullivan's friends was between the house and the farm, and the location was considered favorable to the former, from the lumpy character of the surface, as it was expected that his wrestling qualities would enable him to throw his heavier antagonist, and punish him the more severely by the sharpness of his falls. The friends of Hyer seemed, however, to have a due appreciation of the policy of this intention, for after the snow was shovelled from the surface they spaded fresh earth and sprinkled the entire platform of the ring, so that it was made as soft and elastic as a carpet. The stakes were then procured from pine billets found in the neighborhood, and for want of better gear, the top gallant halyards of the "Whig" were taken for the ropes. In the haste of their operations, the ring was not set exactly square, but had an oblique twist towards the sun, while the southern side presented a slight acclivity which promised, when it was caught by interested and observant eyes, to become the bitterest battle ground. At ten minutes past four everything was set, and notice was given to the parties in the house that all was ready.

IN THE RING.

Sullivan, shortly after this summons, emerged from the house, being preceded by one of his seconds who carried a pair of hot bricks, which were intended for his feet while waiting for the signal to begin. As he approached the ring his appearance was hailed with cheers, and when he threw in his cap, which was a velvet one of a rich dark green, the most enthusiastic shouts were heard from his friends. He took his seat upon a chair that was provided for him, and with his feet upon the bricks, waited for the entrance of his foe. In two or three minutes more, Hyer came forth, borne on the brawny shoulders of his friend Dutch Charley, and as he neared the ropes, he shyed his castor, a foggy looking piece of felt, into the arena before him. Another burst of clamor then rent the sky, and amid increased enthusiasm, each man tied his colors to the stake. That of Hyer was the spangled ensign of his country, while Sullivan's was a green fogle with oval spots of white. Both men sat down on their seconds' knees, and confronted each other while the final preliminaries were arranged.

While thus awaiting the summons to the ordeal, the seconds, Joe Winrow and John Ling, the first for Hyer and the latter for Sullivan, came forward and made the toss for choice of ground. This was won for Sullivan, who, thereupon, reserved the corner where he already sat, giving to his antagonist the bright and dazzling sun directly in his eyes. The seconds now took their corners, Tom Burns taking the place of the captured Thompson, Hyer's regular trainer, and Country McCleester supplying the absence of Tom O'Donnell, on the part of Sullivan. Outside the ropes, in waiting on the latter, was Stephen Wilson, acting as a bottle-holder, and on the other corner, similarly affixed, was the brother of the lofty champion. At twenty minutes past four exactly, Winrow asked the question, "Are you ready?" "Yes," said Sullivan, rising and beginning to strip off his outer clothes, an operation in which he was immediately followed by Hyer, and which was accomplished by both with the celerity of a stage metamorphosis. In less than a minute they stood stripped to the waist, and attired in their neat fighting clothes. Such was the absorbing interest which held possession of all minds during these proceedings, that but a single bet was offered and made. Indeed, $35 was the entire amount that was wagered on the ground, and this was bet even.

THE MEN.

As the antagonists stood up, all ready for the strife, there was a marked disparity in the appearance of the men. Hyer stood six feet two and a half inches, and Sullivan but five feet ten and a half. The weight of the former, moreover, was in the close neighborhood of 185, while the avoirdupois of Sullivan was rated no higher than 155, making a difference of thirty pounds in Hyer's favor. As to condition, both seemed equal. They were as finely developed in every muscle as their physical capacity could reach, and the bounding confidence which sparkled fiercely in their eyes, showed that their spirits and courage were at their highest mark. Sullivan, with his round compact chest, formidable head, shelving flinty brows, fierce glaring eyes, and clean-turned shoulders, looked the very incarnation of the spirit of mischievous genius; while Hyer, with his broad, formidable chest, and long muscular limbs, seemed as if he could almost trample him out of life, at will.

THE FIGHT.

Before coming to the scratch, the umpire for Sullivan asked the seconds of his side if they intended to examine Hyer's shoes, but they declined the formality as a matter of but little consequence, upon which the word was given and the men came up. According to rule they were obliged to shake hands before they began, but they performed this ceremony warily and at extreme arm's length. It was the business of the seconds next to do the same, but before they could reach the scratch to go through the idle ceremony, the eager crowd shouted them back, and they gave way at once to the gladiatorial show.

Round 1st.—Sullivan with his arms well up and every muscle swelling with its preparation, darted towards Hyer, who stood resolutely waiting for him with his body well forward and in formidable readiness: and coming up to him with a sort of run, let fly with his left at Hyer's head, but did not get it in; he then got away from a short attempt of Hyer to counter with his left, but Hyer followed the effort with an instant discharge of his right in Sullivan's forehead, which made a long abrasion of the scalp, but which, notwithstanding the power of the blow, showed neither blood nor discoloration at the time. Gathering himself for a return, Sullivan then rushed in at the body, and after two or three ineffective exchanges clinched his antagonist with the underhold and struggled for the throw. This was the great point on which was to depend the result of the fight. Sullivan relied mainly for success upon his superior wrestling, and it was calculated by his friends and backers, that a few of his favorite cross-buttocks would break his young antagonist in his lithe and graceful waist, and not only render him limpsey with weakness, but stun him with the falls. The most terrible anxiety therefore existed as to the result of this endeavor. In its fierce agitations, the spectators, who stood in an outer ring of plank laid over the snow some feet distance from the ropes of the arena, involuntarily rushed forward and swarmed against the ropes. Two or three times did Sullivan knot his muscles with an almost superhuman effort, but all served only to postpone his overthrow; for when he had spent his power by these terrible impulsions, his iron adversary wrenched him to the ground with the upper hold, and fell heavily, prone upon his body. This decided the largest part of the outside betting in favor of the upper man, and shouts of the most terrific joy went up for Hyer. The depression of Sullivan's friends was equal in degree, and they began to get an inkling that they had underrated their opponent.

Round 2d.—As soon as time was called, both men hurried to the scratch, Hyer working to the upper slope of the ring, where stood the judges and the referee, and thus slanting the sun between his body and that of his opponent, instead of taking its beams directly in his eyes. As Sullivan came up this time, the blood from the scratch upon his forehead made crimson confession of its severity, and elated the friends of the tall one with shrieks of "first blood for Hyer!" Sullivan at this hosanna rushed desperately in, and meeting Hyer where he paused to receive his charge, delivered a heavy blow with his right on Hyer's left eye, taking a counter on his opposing ogle in return. Sullivan kept close up, and both kept striking with the rapidity of two cocks as they fly together, rendering it almost impossible to see where, or how, the hits were discharged. It was evident, however, that the rally had not been attended with serious effect to either side. A feint from Sullivan, and a dodge from Hyer, intervened; when another rally followed, Sullivan taking in return for a couple of body blows two severe discharges on the left eye, by a sort of half upper cut with the right hand, which brought the blood again. Sullivan then rushed in and clinched; he caught the underhold again, but his efforts were naught, and he was twisted to the ground as if he had been a man of grass, his huge antagonist falling upon him as before with his entire weight. Shouts for Hyer.

Round 3d.—The hopes of Yankee's friends were now fading fast, and indeed he seemed impressed himself with the idea that he was overmatched. He looked at his opponent with a sort of wild astonishment as he came up, but with a desperate courage, as if conscious nothing but the most reckless policy alone could help him, he rushed up to the scratch, and gathering cautiously, after a wicked pause, he softened his apparent intention with a feint, but finding Hyer would not be drawn out, he let fly right and left, and catching Hyer with the latter blow upon the body (some say the neck) staggered him backwards a couple of steps and brought him to a sitting position on the ground. The shouts now went up on Sullivan's side, and amidst the uproarious glee he went smiling to his corner.

Round 4th.—Both came up this time with the utmost alacrity, Sullivan encouraged by his success, and Hyer showing the utmost eagerness to get even. Sullivan hurried up, and led off without getting in, and Hyer in his excitement, not only returned short, but open handed. This exited the attention of the former's backer, who, while on the point of crying out, "Now, you've got him, Jim," discovered that Sullivan was open-handed too. The warning, however, brought both of them to their senses, and made them close their fists. Hyer then hit out right and left, executing with the latter on the old spot and taking a body blow in return. Sullivan then ran in and clinched, but his hold did him no good, for he was thrown in the same manner as before, Hyer falling on him and lying across him for several seconds, until his henchmen could come slowly and take him off. Expressions of dissatisfaction here broke out from Sullivan's friends, and the umpire of that side claimed "foul," on the score that the upper man was not sooner removed. The question was put to the referee, who, however, decided "fair."

Round 5th.—Sullivan, who had suffered considerably in the last round by his eagerness to improve the advantage he had gained in the third, led off with the same reckless spirit and with the same desperate aim. He struck wildly right and left at the head, but getting stopped, next tried the body. His incautiousness, however, received a heavy punishment in the shape of a tremendous right-hand paixhan on the left eye, which h him down upon his hand, with on knee touching the ground. Hyer rushed forward to hit again, but checking himself, he raised his hands as if afraid of being tempted to a foul blow, and moving backwards, turned towards his corner. At this moment Sullivan's umpire, supposing the round at an end dropped his eye to his watch and started his time. It happened, however, that as Hyer had turned away, Sullivan apparently wild, had risen and recommenced the round; whereupon Hyer tuned upon him and pressed him by main strength to the ground. While this supplementary struggle was going on, the umpire raised his eyes, and supposing Hyer had turned to attack Sullivan after the round had finished, as he had mated it, called out "foul." The character of the renewal was explained to him however, whereupon he withdrew his complaint.

Round 6th.—Sullivan now began to show punishment and fatigue in a slight nervousness of his legs, but still he ran boldly up for desperate fighting, as game as a pebble, and as resolute as if the battle was still within his reach. Several rapid exchanges were then made, Sullivan catching it on the right eye brow, in a counter to a body hit. Hyer then fought Sullivan to the ropes, and bent him backwards over them. Some sharp fibbing took place, which, proving rather unpleasant to Hyer, he seized Sullivan and threw him and fell on him, with his arm across his neck. He remained in this position for some moments, without interference by his seconds, who saw that it was to his advantage, whereupon a claim of "foul" was made by Sullivan's judge. The Referee, however, decided "fair."

It was likewise claimed that in rising Hyer had pressed improperly on Sullivan's neck, but the claim was not made out.

Round 7th.—Sullivan, breathing short, and exhibiting much fatigue, came up the same as ever, and Hyer, as before, stood on the slope to forbid his passage one inch upon his ground. The little man, as he approached his huge antagonist, seemed as if dispirited by the decision of the referee, while he was nearly spent with the severe exertions that he had made to hit and get away. But he hit with no effect, while the blows of his powerful antagonist made the blood flow profusely down his face, although they had really less effect upon the unfortunate left eye than it seemed. Several exchanges were made, all against Sullivan, when he rushed in again at his wrestling hold, and found the ground as he had done in these close encounters every time before.

Round 8th.—The hit in the eye which Hyer received in the second round, now showed its colors, and puffed up with dirty pride and vanity over the surrounding flesh. Sullivan's left eye was no better; indeed worse, and bore many testimonials in crimson crevices of Hyer's black and long knuckles. Sullivan again made play from the jump, but got nothing in. As he hit out at the body, Hyer struck short with the left, as was his custom every time, when he meditated mischief with his right hand, and then let go with his dexter mawley, driving the blood out from the left eye in gory spray, but still not knocking his staunch opponent down. Sullivan finding that he could not parry off these terrific hits, ran in again, but was thrown as before, Hyer falling on him, and lying with his breast across Sullivan's chest, neck, and face. Hyer's seconds were again slow in coming up to take him off, upon which another appeal of "foul" was made to the referee, who, however, decided "fair," though he admitted he could not see at all times, in consequence of the crowd getting between him and the men, and jostling him about since the first round.

Round 9th.—"Time" came round quick at this "call," as much of the thirty seconds was consumed while the men were on the ground. Both men came up bloody to the scratch; Sullivan being literally clotted with gore, while the clear crimson smoked on Hyer's chest, from a lance wound which had been made under his right eye to prevent it from closing out his sight. He was also dabbled with the drains which ran from Sullivan, and which painted his arms and bosom every time they closed. Sullivan walked up to the scratch this time with a freshened vigor, and showed the same determination as when he commenced the battle. Hyer, who was cool, and apparently unfatigued, at once saw the real condition of his man, and concluding that it was now time to change his tactics, led off for the first time. The Yankee seemed better capable of resisting this mode of warfare than making a successful aggression, and dodged two wicked looking blows; but in endeavoring to return with a rush, he brought Hyer to his usual defensive position. He then took Sullivan's blows without wincing or endeavoring to stop them, being satisfied to take advantage of the right hand counter, which from the first had told with such terrible effect. Sullivan rushed in again to save himself from punishment, and was thrown, with Hyer on him.

Round 10th.—Sullivan came up with his hands open and showing distress. He led off with ineffectual passes, which only served to provoke punishment, and give him the return of a wicked right-handed hit in the old place, which staggered him to the ground.

Round 11th.—Hyer, strong on his pins, respiring regularly, and evidently in possession of all his strength. He waited for Sullivan as before, and though Yankee came up rather slower than before, Hyer was content to wait his approach rather than alter a method by which he was getting on so well. On meeting at the scratch, a few rapid hits were made, which ended in a clinch and a wrestle to the ground, Hyer uppermost as before, but with Sullivan's leg locked over his until he was taken off.

Round 12th.—This time both men came up quick, and Sullivan led off, hitting wildly and madly right and left, while his cool antagonist, watching his chance, took a short hit for the privilege of countering on the old spot. Sullivan then rallying his energies, tried the Secor dodge, and endeavored to slip under Hyer's right arm, to hit him from behind, but he was stopped and caught by Hyer with the left, on the top of the head, with a round blow, which discharged him to the ground.

Round 13th.—Up to this time all the fighting was done in Sullivan's corner, making Hyer's boast good that he should not have an inch more than twelve feet to do his fighting in. This round commenced by sharp exchanges right and left, as if they had come together for the first time. At length Hyer, finding it was all his own way, rallied Sullivan sharply, and driving him to the ropes, backed him over them, and entered into a smart exchange of fibbing. Hyer caught hold of the ropes while thus engaged, when a man from Boston, by the name of Hennessy, seized his thumb, and bent it backwards from its hold, whereupon Hyer let go, and clinching Sullivan, wrenched him to the ground and fell upon him.

Round 14th.—Sullivan giving out fast; Hyer perceiving it entered briskly on the offensive, fought him to the ropes and fibbed him on them as before. After an exchange of this kind of work, Hyer jerked him from the ropes, and clinching, wrestled him to the ground and fell upon him.

Round 15th.—Sullivan shaky on his pins, and Hyer apparently as strong as ever. As Sullivan came up and attempted to hit out, he slipped; Hyer rallied him to the ropes, hitting him right and left in the pursuit, and bending him again over the ropes. During this struggle he caught his arm, and bending it backward in its socket, gave it a wrench that must have caused the most agonizing pain; he then clinched and threw him to the ground and fell upon him as before.

Round 16th.—When time was called, Sullivan was slow in rising from his second's knee, and it was evident that his fighting star had set, for the day at least. He walked in a limpsey manner towards the scene, but when he put up his left arm the tremor which shook it showed that it was distressed by pain. Hyer did not wait for him, but advancing beyond the score, let fly both right and left in Sullivan's face, who, though he could not return it, took it without wincing in the least. Hyer then rushed him to the ropes again, and after a short struggle there, threw him and fell heavily upon him, in which position Sullivan locked his leg over him again, as if he would hold him in his place. When he was taken off, Sullivan was found to be entirely exhausted, and when lifted up reeled half round and staggered backward towards the ropes. The fight was done. He could not come in again, and one of his seconds took him from the ring, without waiting for time to be called. Hyer's second, as soon as this took place, advanced to take Sullivan's colors as their trophy, but being interfered with and denied by Ling, Hyer rushed forward himself, and seizing Ling by the arm, enabled his friend to take the prize. The shouts then went up for the victor, and the party commenced unthreading the stakes of their halyards, for the voyage back.

Thus ended a contest which has excited more interest than any other pugilistic encounter that ever took place in this country; but which, though it engaged thousands of minds for a period of six long months, was done up, when once begun, in seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds.

The boats soon got up sail after the battle was over, and made for Pool Island again on their return. On arriving at that place they found the steamer Boston still aground, and as her warlike freight came crowding to the side, the pungees gave them three times three as a compensation for the disappointment they had received, in neither arresting the principals, nor in getting a peep at the fight.

CERTIFICATE OF THE JUDGES.

We hereby certify, that we have seen the above rounds in manuscript as prepared for publication in the National Police Gazette, and believe they present as full, correct, and impartial a report of the fight which they describe, as could be made under the circumstances.

H. Colton,
J. J. Way.

REMARKS.

The foregoing contest may be aptly termed a "hurricane fight." From the commencement to the close it was bitter, unremitting, and determined. On the part of Sullivan it consisted of a series of quick and almost superhuman efforts to outfight and stun his antagonist from the start, while Hyer, who seemed to be thoroughly aware of his intent, contented himself with standing at the scratch and forbidding any entrance to his side, by the tremendous counter hits which he delivered in return for Sullivan's rapid visitations. He did not attempt to make parrying a leading feature of his policy, but for the greater portion of the time cheertully met Sullivan's blows for the chance of countering back. He had evidently settled upon this as his policy for the fight, judging correctly, that if hit and hit was to be the order of the day, the weakest structure must go to pieces in the struggle. In addition to this, Hyer showed excellent skill in fighting, and his method of hitting short with the left, as a preliminary to the paixhan discharge of the right, in the style of a half upper cut, could not have been excelled in the use which he made of it, by the best hitters who have ever shown themselves in the prize ring. To help him still further, he was cool and self-possessed, with the exception of a moment or two at the opening of the fourth round, when he seemed either shaken by his fall, or stung from his control, by the cheers which greeted Sullivan for the handsome blow. Sullivan on the other hand fought wild and over eager. He did not display that shrewdness and care which has characterized all his previous fights, but seemed to consider himself in the ring, not so much to decide some three hundred thousand dollars, as to revenge upon Hyer, in the bitterest and most sudden manner, the personal hatred that stood between them. He hurried to the scratch at every round, and commenced leading off right and left, and when obliged to take it more severely than he bargained for, invariably rushed in for a clinch, notwithstanding each succeeding round proved more conclusively than those which had gone before, he could not throw his man, and that these reverses invariably brought upon him the severest punishment of all. He was twisted to the ground invariably by the superior strength of his antagonist, and what in view of this, was surprising to his friends, he would resist strongly every time, instead of slipping down as easily as possible to save his strength. As to Hyer's lying on him to the extent he did, there has been much dispute, and while one party claims it to have been "foul," the other insists that it was a pardonable advantage. Between these two opinions the referee decided "fair." He decided so, properly. There is no rule in "Fistiana" which prescribes the length of time which a man may be allowed to lie upon another between the rounds, but the common law of the ring gives to each side the possession of their man, the instant the round is ended. Sullivan was, therefore, the property of his seconds the instant he touched the ground, and they were entitled to him, though obliged to throw twenty men from his body to get at him. It was natural for Hyer's seconds to let him lie when he had the advantage, but it was the duty of Sullivan's seconds to insist upon their rights, and to acquaint the other side that, if they did not take their man off in time, they would throw him off. This they had a right to do, and the result of their not having done it, was, that while Hyer, after the struggle and the throw, would repose at ease on Sullivan's body and draw respirations of fresh atmosphere, Sullivan was crushed with the incumbent weight, and capable of catching only a few muffled breaths. In addition to this, Hyer being lifted first, got to his second's knee in advance, while Sullivan would scarcely reach his corner and have his blanket thrown upon his shoulder, before time would be called, and he would be started to his feet. He would then run at his enemy, and irritated from his balance, would rush upon the punishment which he received. Had he been well treated, he might have preserved his temper and fought a little longer, but no treatment could have made him win. He was overmatched, and the man whom he was fighting against, exceeded all expectations, both for skill and strength. It is due to Hyer to state at this portion of our remarks, that he is not personally chargeable with any impropriety in lying on Sullivan as he did. It was his duty to lie exactly where he fell, till lifted by his seconds and carried to his corner. The question was between the seconds altogether, and the fault lay heaviest against the seconds of Sullivan himself, for not insisting more promptly and courageously on their rights. Had the other side seen that they were determined to have their man the instant he touched the ground, they would have been glad to have removed Hyer out of their way. The claim of "foul," therefore, for what was the result of their own negligence, could not stand, and Sullivan was the victim of untoward circumstances. From the first to last, however, he had no chance to win. The reception of the first hit staggered him and his friends, while the loss of the fall after the most desperate efforts of his underhold, must have convinced him he was overmatched. There was then nothing left but desperate fighting and an instalment of revenge upon the mutual quarrel. What share he got of this, the reader has already seen, but it is our business to say, that he might have got more personal satisfaction if he had received proper care, and not been stifled out of a large portion of his time. He fought well under the circumstances, and nothing could have exceeded the courage with which he confronted an assured fate. It was a terrific struggle. The motives which governed were Ambition, Avarice, and Revenge, and the combination of such master passions could not but stimulate a bloody climax.

There never was, perhaps, a battle in which there was so much fighting in so short a space of time; none, certainly, in which more resolute punishment was given and taken, without flinching on either side. The history of the fight consists in the fact that Sullivan was overmatched; and, in the further fact that Hyer showed himself capable of matching any man of his size and weight doubtless, who exists in Britain or the United States.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATTERS.

Sullivan returned to New York on Thursday; but Hyer, in passing through Philadelphia for the same purpose, was so intoxicated with the acclamations bestowed upon him for his victory, that he suffered himself to remain over night. The result was, that he was arrested on the following morning, and on Friday, was delivered up on the requisition of the Governor of Maryland, to receive the penalties of riot with his friend Thompson, and Sullivan's trainer, O'Donnell.

On Saturday, the following card appeared in the advertising columns of one of the N. Y. daily papers.

SULLIVAN'S NOTICE TO HIS FRIENDS.

I hereby caution my friends throughout the country who have had money staked on my fight with Hyer, not to give up a cent, as I won the fight, according to the rules of the ring, three times, and never lost it once.

James Sullivan.

On the following day, however, this was cancelled by the following:—

YANKEE SULLIVAN'S NOTICE TO HIS FRIENDS.

The advertisment in the papers of yesterday, was not worded as I desired my friend to write it for publication. I did intend to say that, according to the rules of the ring, I had won the fight three times; but the referee thinking otherwise, I had to abide by his decision. I am sorry that my words to the gentleman, who wrote the advertisment for me, were so differently construed from my intent and meaning.

James Sullivan.

On Monday, the Referee and Stakholder appeared in the N. Y. *Sun*, as follows:—

CARD OF THE REFEREE.

At the contest between Thomas Hyer and James Sullivan, at Still Pond Heights, Kent County, Maryland, by the request of both parties, and the unanimous acquiescence of all present, I acted as Referee, and by said authority decided that said contest resulted in favor of Thomas Hyer, according to Articles of agreement.

S. Van Nostrand.

STAKEHOLDER'S CARD.

Having been selected as stakeholder in the late contest between Hyer and Sullivan, I have deemed it necessary to publish the decision of the Referee, which decides ALL moneys staked upon the result in favor of Thomas Hyer, and I have accordingly given up the main stake of $10,000 to said Thomas Hyer.

John B Frink.

The following extracts from the daily papers of Febuary 8th, 1849, will give an idea of the excitement manifested to learn the result of the contest, and the variety of reports in circulation:—

BY MAIL.

ARRIVAL OF TOM HYER IN PHILADELPHIA, ETC.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 1849.

The excitement that prevailed in the city relative to the prize fight, has subsided, in consequence of the announcement of Sullivan's defeat. This seems to gratify most of those who would have previously rejoiced that the brutal affair had been suppressed by the capture of both parties. They are satisfied that Sullivan, who has been the cause of all the prize fighting in this country for several years, should have had his comb cut and placed in the back ground among the fancy for the future.

The new champion of the ring reached the city by the train from Wilmington; and visiting the telegraph office at the Exchange, his presence there became known, and the building was besieged by an immense crowd, all anxious to gaze upon this "new lion," (if it is not a sin to call him after so noble an animal.) He will not leave the city till to-morrow.

The correct version of the fight, according to the account given by Hyer's friends, is, that it occupied only sixteen minutes, and that but fifteen rounds were fought. The situation of Sullivan is represented as being dangerous. His whereabouts is not known, but he is supposed to have been conveyed out of the bounds of Maryland, and now receiving medical treatment, probably in Delaware.

Hyer stops at Miller's Hotel, in Chesnut street, which, of course, is literally run down with the admirers of the fancy. One would not have believed that the city contained so many persons that would debase themselves, by following in the wake of such a hero.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin, Feb. 8.]

Hyer, the victor of the brutal prize fight that came off at Rock Island yesterday afternoon, was in this city this afternoon. On going to the Exchange to send away a telegraphic dispatch, his appearance was greeted by the vociferous shouts of a large crowd, who almost carried him bodily from the cab that he was in, to the Baltimore office, up stairs, and back again to the vehicle. The cab containing him and two or three of his friends, passed the office of the Bulletin, on its way to Miller's Hotel, Chesnut street, at a quarter before 2 o'clock, P. M., followed by a crowd who seemed positively wild and frantic with excitement. The sudden coming to town of General Taylor could not have occasioned a greater furor. A more disgraceful scene we never witnessed in Philadelphia.

BY TELEGRAPH.

THE FIGHT.

Baltimore, Feb. 8,—A. M.

The fight took place yesterday about 5 P. M., at Roach's Point, Kent county, Maryland.

Sullivan is badly punished, but not dangerously.

Time occupied, about sixteen minutes.

Baltimore, Feb. 8, 1849.

The fight took place last evening at five o'clock, in Kent county, ten miles below Pool's Island.

There were but sixteen rounds. They were fought in twenty-one minutes.

Sullivan knocked Hyer down by a severe blow in the neck, which was the only knock down.

Hyer drew the first blood, from Sullivan, and in the fifteenth round wrenched his right arm.

Both of Hyer's eyes are bruised, and Sullivan's right eye is terribly hurt.

Hyer, on the sixteenth round, caught Sullivan's head under his right arm, and punished him until he was satisfied he was done for, and dropped him; when he was forcibly taken from the ring by his friends—Hyer claiming the victory, as Sullivan did not come up again in time.

It was terribly cold, and both suffered from it, as well as from the race they had from the authorities during the day.

It was one continual fight, nearly, and Hyer drew the first blood from Sullivan.

There were but a few spectators.

There is some dispute between the judges and referees; but there seems to be no dispute as to the fact that Hyer was too much for Sullivan.

The steamer with the military on board, is still ashore at Pool's Island.

Baltimore, Feb. 8, 1849.

Sullivan and Hyer fought, at four o'clock, yesterday afternoon, at Roach's Point, Eastern Shore, ten miles from Pool's Island.

They fought fifteen rounds in sixteen minutes.

Sullivan had the advantage the first three rounds. At the third round he knocked Hyer clean down, by a blow on the temple.

Hyer was considerably hurt by fibbing at the ropes.

At the end of the fifteenth round, Sullivan's friends withdrew him from the ring, his face having the appearance of a butcher's block.

The parties soon after left the ground.

Hyer proceeded to Frenchtown, in his boat.

Hyer is not much punished.

Baltimore, Feb. 8, 1849.

The prize fight occurred yesterday in Kent county, Maryland, ten miles below Pool's Island. Sullivan was whipped in sixteen rounds, the fight lasting twenty minutes. Hyer was knocked down the first round; both eyes were blackened. On the fifteenth round Sullivan's arm was injured, and on the sixteenth round, Hyer caught Sullivan's head under his arm, holding it there,

taken, by his friends, to Mount Hope Hospital; and his life is said to be in danger.

He has a slight fracture of the skull, behind the left ear. One of his arms is broken, and his face is cut awfully. The scalp from the forehead, with the eyelid, has fallen on his cheek.

Hyer was comparatively unhurt, and walked down to the boat, whilst Sullivan had to be carried.

Tom O'Donnell and George Thompson were brought up by the police this morning, having been captured at Pool's Island, and in default of bail were committed to jail.

Hyer roped Sullivan twice, and has punished him most awfully—very little blow brought the blood.

It is supposed here that Hyer will be arrested either in Philadelphia or New York, to await the requisition of the Governor of Maryland. The precarious state of Sullivan's life, will probably lead to this.

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BALTIMORE, Feb. 8—P. M.

Sullivan left the hospital this morning with his friends, after having his wounds dressed, and took the York, Pennsylvania, cars at the outer depot.

The Attorney General, Richardson, has sent despatches to all the towns on the road for his arrest and imprisonment.

He is said to be seriously, but not dangerously wounded.

No tidings of his arrest yet.

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ARREST OF THE SECONDS, ETC.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 8, 1849.

The steamer Boston has returned.—Thomas O'Donnell, Sullivan's trainer, and George Thompson, Hyer's second, have been arrested and are now in jail, unable to give security in the sum of $5,000 each. Sullivan is now here, in the Mount Hope Hospital, dangerously ill. One eye is out and his arm broken.

A despatch from Philadelphia, reports Hyer as saying he should have killed Sullivan if they had fought another round.

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THE EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK—STREET CROWDS—GRAND ILLUMINATION IN HONOR OF TOM HYER.

The excitement which raged in the city on Wednesday, was increased on Thursday, and all down town was in a swarm, like so many bees. The news boys, always ready to reflect the spirit of the times, might be seen in pairs, setting to at every corner, and in other places where they are wont to congregate. The youngsters felt lively, for they disposed of their papers faster than they could procure them from the press; and they filled up their odds and ends of time by showing, in mimic encounters with each other, how the thing was accomplished by Hyer and Sullivan. The greatest anxiety prevailed amongst those who had made bets; and there were as many anxious faces to be seen awaiting the news, from hour to hour, as may be seen in Wall or South street, whenever a steamer arrives by which news of a fluctuating cotton or grain market is expected. There was a vast amount of money bet on the result of the fight, and all parties were anxious to know how the matter really stood.—There were hundreds and hundreds of men and boys congregated about Yankee Sullivan's house, during the whole day and up to a late hour at night. Occasional shouts were heard, and hurras for Sullivan were now and then raised; but things in that neighborhood were, for the most part, quiet. At the Fountain House, in Park Row, a grand illumination took place at night; all the windows in the front part of the house were brilliantly lighted up, and a large transparency was suspended from the second story, displaying, the words—"Tom Hyer, the Champion of America." So goes the excitement, which is as yet by no means allayed.

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From a New York Paper.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT—ITS MORALE AND IMMORALE.

The great prize fight is finished. Tom Hyer is victorious over Sullivan; but according to the accounts which we have received, at a tremendous cost to the latter. It appears that short as was the duration of the conflict, Sullivan received so much injury as to endanger his life. The excitement which this contest has created in the public mind, is unprecedented in the annals of classical or heroic brutality, with the exception of what was caused by some particular duels with pistols that occurred in former days, the breaking out of the war with England, or subsequently that with Mexico. Throughout this vast community, nothing has been heard or talked of for several days past, but the fight between Hyer and Sullivan, and the chances which each had in the contest, which took place the day before yesterday. The only exceptions to the general prevalence of this excitement were the rigidly righteous, the pious, the saints, the puritans, or those who had no time to spare from their private roguieries or pious prayers, to public matters.

This contest has presented a singular exhibition of human nature. As a question of high and lofty morality, prize fighting can only be placed on the same level with duelling, either with swords or pistols—single combats of any kind, be they with sticks or stones—or with war, either in detail, or by wholesale. Blood, wounds, damage to life and limb, and death, are the usual consequences of such exhibitions, in the ring of pugilism, the field of honor, or on the field of general battle between the armies of opposing nations. All such exhibitions and contests are contrary to the law of God, to the gospel of Christ, to the principles of humanity, as well as to the maxims of a high and sovereign morality. Still, however, it has been the weakness of human nature to indulge in such propensities, from the first fight—that between Cain and Abel, within sight of the tree of life, and within listening distance to the murmurs of the waters of Eden—through succeeding ages and centuries, to the present day. There is but little use in bemoaning the inevitable condition of humanity, or to snuffle out a condemnation against those excesses or eccentricities which seem to be part of human nature, from the first era of life to the setting of last evening's sun on the hills of the monopolising State of New Jersey. All classes of society—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the elegantly dressed denizens of Wall street and Park Place—all shades of our heterogeneous society, were as desirous to know the result as the loafers of Chatham square or the rowdies of the Bowery. Since the famous duel between Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, and Col. Cummings, of Georgia—since the bloody encounter between Jonathan Cilley, member of Congress from Maine, and another from Kentucky—since the celebrated duel between Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, and James Watson Webb, of New York—we have seen nothing that created so great a sensation in the public mind, which excited so much curiosity, and commanded so much attention among all classes of society, as this fight between Thomas Hyer and Yankee Sullivan has done.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK CLIPPER

FEBRUARY 4, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

Ross & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
PRICE & WINANS, 35 Ann Street.
IKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
ROE & YATES, 20 Ann Street,

Notice.

Persons wishing to subscribe to the paper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ PHILADELPHIA AGENT, Mr. W. Winch, Chesnut street, will supply newspaper le in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

Answers to Correspondents.

True Blue, Philadelphia.—1. "Is there not every reason to believe that George Thompson, (the trainer of Hyer) could have beaten John Morrissey in the prize fight at California? 2. Can you give any information as to the result of the challenge said to have been subsequently given to Morrissey by Thompson? 3. Is not Thompson considered a formidable man of his size and weight, even for Hyer?" 1. From the reports published of the fight between Morrissey and Thompson, we have no doubt the result might have been different had Thompson been fairly treated. He acted wisely, perhaps, in ending the fight as he did. 2. The parties becoming separated, nothing further was done in the matter. Should they ever meet where both will be on an equality, as regards friends, it is probable that the result will be the result. 3. Thompson must be certainly, a formidable opponent to any man, perhaps, as you say, even to Hyer.

H. B. J., Troy, N. Y.—"Do you consider Mr. Sullivan's conduct justifiable, in his recent contest with John Morrissey, in view of the 13th article of the "Rules of the P. R. A." published in the *Clipper* of the 21st?" Decidedly not.

Jabez. RAFFLE.—At a raffle for a gold watch, a diamond pin, and a pistol, five pins in all, two persons threw 32 each and 1 31 each, these being the heighest throw. Please describe how the affair should be settled. The two who threw 32 throw off for choice of prizes, each thrower being entitled to a prize. The two who threw 31 throw again, the winner taking the third prize.

John W.—Bill Wilson and James Stewart fought in Connecticut, in the winter of 1846 the fight lasted two days, it being undecided on the first. On the second day, Wilson was declared the winner, after fighting 83 rounds, in two hours and 20 minutes.

W. A.—Tom Cribb's second battle with Molineaux took place on the 20th of December, 1811. The battle was for £600, which was won by Cribb in 20 minutes, 11 rounds only being fought.

New York.—The arrivals at the port of New York from foreign ports during the year 1853 were 4,107 vessels.

Tom Tring.—"You cannot save your Jack, if you have no other trump. If your opponent played the Queen of trumps you must play your Jack.

S. T. Baker.—Major Andre was captured as a spy on the 23d of September, 1780, a short distance from the village of Tarrytown, in this State. Andre was executed on the 2d of October, 1780.

Y. Y.—The celebrated pugilist, Shaw, the Life Guardsman, was killed at the battle of Waterloo.

Amateur.—Hammer Lane was engaged as principal in 12 prize fights, in three of which he was defeated.

B. T.—Address a line to the gentleman—we cannot attend to such matters.

Jack Bunce.—Deal them once more.

Thespis.—Which version of Uncle Tom's Cabin do you consider the most correct, that played at the Bowery, or that at the National?" We can only give you our own opinion; suppose you visit both establishments, and judge for yourself—we have no doubt you will form a correct conclusion.

A. W. T.—The battle between Hyer and McCleester occupied two hours and fifty-five minutes—Hyer winning.

Joseph B, "Paterson, N. J.—What is the real name of Mr. Oliver, now at Wallack's Theatre, and what was his occupation before going there? 2.—What is the shortest time the feat of lifting 100 stones has been accomplished in? 3.—If a man can run 100 yards in 11 seconds, without any training, and with a portion of his working apparel on, how much time ought he to gain with 5 or 6 weeks training? 4.—What is the shortest time made in running 100 yards, either in this country or in England?" 1.—Perhaps you had better write to the gentleman—he can give you, if he will, all the information you need. 2.—We do not know, not having a record of such feats. We do not believe the feat can be accomplished in less than 40 minutes. 3.—With proper training for 5 or 6 weeks, and dressed in the light and easy apparel worn by regular pedestrians, he might possibly gain 1 second. 4.—George Seward, an American, now in England, run 100 yards in 9½ seconds. This is considered the best time ever made.

Sam, Henry, Israel, &c. 1.—Tom Cribb was champion during Randall's time. 2.—Yes. 3.—Will republish the fight between Sullivan and Morrissey next week. To your other questions—yes.

"Down among the dead men."

Our City Fathers, since the beginning of the Reformation, are turning their thoughts toward the grave, and are now meditating upon the propriety of cutting a street through Trinity Church Yard

A Private Secretary.

The duty of a *private* Secretary, according to the Herald, consists in making *public* the secrets of his master.

GRAND MEETING OF THE FANCY

Farewell Sparring Exhibition of Yankee Sullivan.

NEARLY 1000 SPECTATORS IN ATTENDANCE.

The farewell Sparring Exhibition of Yankee Sullivan, which has been the topic of conversation in sporting circles during the past week, came off on Tuesday evening last, at Military Headquarters, No. 22 White street. The prices of admission were 50 cents, and $2 for orchestra seats. The Hall, which was as large a place as could be procured, was well filled soon after the opening of the doors, and long before 8 o'clock, the time announced for the commencement of the exercises, the room was packed with one dense mass of admirers of the "manly art of self defence." The orchestra was a regular jam, notwithstanding the price, and had it been three times as large, it could have been easily filled. The assemblage was composed of all classes of society, from the dealer in fancy stocks in Wall street, to the dealer of faro in the Bowery, and from the Broadway dandy to the humble vender of lozenges at 3 cents a package. Despite this promiscous gathering, we never before witnessed a more orderly meeting, and if proper means were exerted, as appeared to be the case in this instance, every exhibition of the kind could be conducted in the same quiet and orderly manner. Those of the press who are always so ready to designate as brutes members of the pugilistic fraternity, should have been present at Sullivan's Exhibition, and witnessed the manly art; we think in future they would refrain from using language insulting to those of whom they speak, and also undeserved, and which, to say the least of it, no *real* gentleman would utter. We may have more to say on this subject in a future number.

A raised platform had been erected in the centre of the Hall, on which the exercises took place, and which afforded a capital view of the sport to every individual in the room.

At 8 o'clock, Mr. McMahon, who officiated as Master of Ceremonies, introduced to the audience, two young 'uns named Trainer and McGrath, who for lads of their years, proved themselves to be pretty well posted up in the art and mystery of "hitting from the shoulder."

The two sons of Izzy Lazarus, a teacher of sparring in this city, were next brought forward, and created considerable excitement. They displayed some "points" which might prove of advantage to older heads. They are only "chips of the old block."

Jim Parker, of London, and Harry Gaben, of Liverpool, next attracted the attention of the spectators. This was a very good display, and some heavy blows were interchanged, and notwithstanding the gloves somewhat modified the strength with which the blows were given, we have no doubt that each man felt the pressure."

Tom Tiner, of Liverpool, and a young man named White, of New York, were next on the list. Trainer is one of the celebrities of the English prize ring, having fought eight battles, in a majority of which he came off the victor. He arrived in this city in the steamer Atlantic last week, and at once proffered his services in behalf of Sullivan. Trainer is of light weight, about 8 stone, and has fought with Hoiles, the Spider champion of the feather weights, by whom, however, he was defeated. Mr. Trainer, in his set-to on Tuesday evening, found a most formidable opponent in Mr. White; and in the judge of the qualities of each man, on the above occasion, Mr. White proved himself to be much superior to his opponent Trainor, both in delivering and stopping. Perhaps Trainer had an object in view in not "spreading himself," and when to "catch a match" with some of the fancy on this side of the "big pond"—However, this set-to pleased the audience, and that was all it was intended to do.

Henry Condor and Mike Smith next appeared, and at once adopted the "give and take" system, which seemed to please the amateurs vastly.

Mr. Izzy Lazarus and Barney Lunney next appeared, and caused no little amusement by the disparity in their size, Mr. Lazarus being something *less* than 500lbs weight, and his opponent about 130. This was a capital set to, however, and was much admired, both men, especially Lazarus, being well acquainted with the "arts and sciences."

The next set-to was the most exciting and interesting of the evening. This was between Molineaux, of Brooklyn, and a stranger among us named Collins, or, as he is more familiarly known among his acquaintances, "Stunning Joe Banks," of Manchester. A more beautiful and scientific display was seldom before witnessed, and Molineaux, who is one of the best sparrers in these parts, found in "Stunning Joe Banks" an opponent in no wise to be slighted, who could not only "stop" but also 'get in" his one two with good effect. Molineaux twice attempted the "upper cut," the first time missing the mark, but in the last he delivered it beautifully, amid the applause of the entire audience. The Stunner also delivered some scientific hits which were also loudly applauded. Altogether this was the event of the evening.

On the conclusion of this set-to, Mr. Izzy Lazarus ascended the platform, followed by Yankee Sullivan, whose appearance was greeted with loud and continued applause. Mr. Sullivan appeared in his fighting dress, and looked well. He was accompanied by a gentleman well known throughout the "magic circle." Mr. Lazarus on introducing them to the audience, stated that he had been requested by Mr. Sullivan to return his sincere thanks to his friends who had so cheerfully responded to his call, and he hoped that his future conduct *out* of the prize ring would give as much satisfaction to his numerous friends and acquaintances, as his previous conduct had *in* it. Mr. Sullivan bowed his thanks, and then commenced the set-to, which was to wind up the sports of the evening. It is unnecessary to go into any detail of this last display, as Mr. Sullivan, having injured his hand, from the effects of which he was still suffering, did not enter into the spirit of the thing, as is his usual wont, and after exercising a short time, Mr. Sullivan and his friend left the platform, and thus closed the exhibition.

We should judge there were present between 800 and 1000 spectators, all of whom departed highly pleased with the "evening's entertainments."

To Mr. Sullivan and Mr. McMahon we return our thanks for their attentions, and facilities afforded us to take "notes of passing events."

Pedestrianism.

WHERE IS THE NORTH STAR?

We announced a week or two since that a match was being made between those celebrated pedestrians, Mickey Free and the North Star! We did think that the latter gentleman was really anxious for a match, from the conversations we have had with him at different times. Sufficient time has elapsed, however, to induce us to believe that Mickey Free has "scared him off the track!" Mickey has called upon us repeatedly of late to ascertain if we had heard from the North Star in relation to the proposed match. We know that Mickey offered to make a match with him on his own terms, and, in fact, offered advantages which we considered entirely unnecessary. It was on the statement of the North Star that we informed our readers of the certainty of a good race. As we have heard nothing, either by letter or otherwise from him, we cannot but believe that nothing further is intended in the matter.

Mickey Free is still open to run or walk any man who may feel disposed to make a match with him, at any time or place. He may be heard of by applying at this office.

England versus Ireland.

TWO BATTLES FOUGHT BY THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

The life of Tom Spring, now publishing in the Clipper, will embrace an authentic report of the two great battles fought by Tom Spring, the Champion of England, and Jack Langan, the Champion of Ireland. The first fight, the particulars of which will be given in our next, was one of the most extraordinary affairs on record, and was witnessed, it is estimated, by between forty and fifty thousand spectators. During the battle, two stands, upon which were several thousand persons, broke down, injuring several individuals, and it was thought the accident would have put an end to the fight. The 24 foot ring in which the combatants fought was taken posession of by the crowd, and at one time the Champions had to fight in a space of less than three yards. Altogether it was a remarkable battle, as our readers will perceive on reading our account.

Mike Murphy's Reply.

Mike Murphy, in reply to Mr. Fletcher's challenge in last week's Clipper, would state that he has never fought at the weight mentioned, viz, 9st. 10lb, his fighting weight being 126 lbs. He would also mention that as he is at present engaged in a good business, it would not suit him to fight for the small sum of $200 or $300. If Mr. Fletcher really means fighting, however, he will fight him at 126 to 130 lbs., for the sum of $500 or $1,000 aside. A match can be made on those terms.

Sparring Exhibition.

Quite a number of the Fancy assembled at the Tenth Ward House, on Tuesday evening, 24th inst., to witness the Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Larry Donnar. There were several good sets-to between George Stewart and Jem Maden; Frank Vincent and Charley Holmes; Big Joe and Harry Jones; and several other professors of the "manly art."

The $300 Wrestling Match.

We stated in our last that there was a prospect of a wrestling match for $300 between Coit, the Indian, of Brooklyn, and a sporting man of this city. Coit, we believe, has not been able so far, to raise the sum necessary to make the match. Should he succeed, however, we will inform our readers of the fact in our next.

Great Log Match.

A match is to be fought at Morrissey's Sportsmen's Hall, Madison street, on Friday evening, 24th inst., between the celebrated dog Connaught Lad, and the slut Bull Head Celeste, for the sum of $100 aside. This promises, to be an exciting affair.

Another Appalling Calamity.

The sad calamity at Ravenswood, Long Island, by which a number of human beings were instantly hurried into eternity, will be the topic of conversation for nine days, and in that short period all sorts of plans will be devised for the better protection of the lives of those employed in establishments where powder is used. At the end of nine days all further agitation of the subject will have ceased, and the plans like those who concocted them, will be left to fizzle out.

We are a strange people—we love excitement, but we do not care to have the same excitement last too long—a variety suits us best. Thus it is that immediately on the occurrence of a calamity, every body has something to say, on the subject; some remedy to devise, or some one to whom they may attribute all the blame. Gradually the storm is succeeded by a calm, only to be again disturbed by another fearful accident, another outburst of popular indignation, and another flash in the pan. We say a great deal, yet do but little. What next shall befal us?

To Mickey Free.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 31st, 1854.

James Dorcey will run Mickey Free from 1 quarter of a mile to a mile, for $100, and he thinks that, after all his blowing about running any one, he will be glad of this offer. If he does not accept this, then he is nothing but a blower. Man and money ready any night this week, at the Second Ward Hotel, corner of Pearl and York streets, Brooklyn.

JAMES DORCEY.

Mickey Free, again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. CLIPPER.

Sir—Having waited for some time to see the pretentious challenge of Robert Harriott, (Mickey Free) to walk any man in America, taken up by some man or *boy*, without having my hope realized, I will walk him one mile, fair heel and toe, for a wager of $50 or upwards. By sending the articles and $10 to you, a match will immediately be made.

I remain yours, &c.,
FRED. F. GIBSON.

To Dog Fanciers.

Jim Long will match his dog against any dog in the world for from $100 to $500 aside. Apply at No. 100 10th Avenue.

Sullivan and Morrissey.

To render the Life and Battles of Yankee Sullivan complete, a revised report of the fight between Morrissey and Sullivan will be given in our next

Theatricals in Williamsburgh.

The Williamsburgh Odeon will be opened on next Monday evening for the benefit of Mr. Albert Smith, on which occasion the play of the Lady of Lyons will be performed; the entertainments, of the evening will be enterspersed with singing, dancing, recitations, &c., and conclude with "Nix, the Cabman," in which Mr. John Winans will appear. We hope Mr. Smith will have a crowded house.

Testimonial to an old Fireman.

A Complimentary Ball is to be given to Robert Peterson, an old fireman, on the evening of February 16th, at the City Assembly Rooms. If the members of the Peterson Engine Co., Peterson Association, Peterson Guard, and Peterson Blues, contribute their mite to this benevolent testimonial to the brother of him whose name they bear, a substantial aid will be afforded the noble fireman. Turn out, "Old Maids," turn out!

Ball of the Burtis Light Guard.

The first annual ball of the Burtis Light Guard, will take place at the City Assembly Rooms, 450 Broadway, on Friday evening, February 3d.

Frontier Hose Co.

The Invitation Hop of this company takes place on Tuesday evening next at Gothic Hall, Brooklyn.

"She saw him but a moment."

Yet she think's she sees him still, from the fact that he wore one of those beautiful Daguerrean Hats, manufactured by those fashionable hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl. A good style of hat, like those manufactured by the above named gentlemen, is an article of dress not to be slighted by those who value their external appearance, inasmuch as it displays the taste of the wearer, and adds to his general appearance. Every gentleman purchasing a hat of Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, is presented with a fine Daguerreotype, without any extra charge;—the hats are sold extremely cheap, considering the quality, and are well worthy the attention of those about to buy.

A Happy Man.

Nothing makes a man more happy than a good meal when he is hungry. This accounts for the large number of smiling and happy looking individuals constantly going in and out of Weeks' Eating House, No. 83 Nassau street. This saloon is well known to be patronised by the best judges of good living, and if this is not proof enough of its excellence as a place of resort for hungry men, step in and try some of the delicacies for your own satisfaction.

A neat little stopping place.

If you wish for a cup of good coffee, or a plate of cakes, or a first rate stew or fry, or other articles in the eating line, call in at "Ned's Snug Harbor," 362 Broome street. If you are thirsty, the liquors will be found to be of the best quality; so with the segars. In fact, this little place is a real house of entertainment for the inner man, and is well worth a visit.

New Music.

We have just received from Horace Waters, "Pop Goes the Weasel," Gallop, composed for fun, and to be danced with a rush. "Buena Vista Grand March," for the Piano. "Santa Claus Polka Burlesque." Gems of Popular Songs, for the Guitar—"The Dying words of Little Katy." "Katy's Defence," an answer to Katy Did Song.

"The weather, Oh! the weather."

The sudden changes in the weather from the blasts of the North to the warm breezes of the South, are in no wise beneficial to suffering humanity, as may be seen from the numerous persons to be met with daily, who are suffering with chapped hands and faces. In times gone by, almost every person to be seen was afflicted in this way, but thanks to Dr. Gouraud and his celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, the number is not now so great, but still larger than it should be when it is known that the use of this Soap will not only prevent chaps, chafes, &c., but will also remove tan, freckles, and almost all aliments to which the skin is subject. Dr. Gouraud's Hair Dye, and Poudres Subtiles, and various other cosmetics, can be had at Dr. Gouraud's office, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Rich and Rare.

The rich fabrics to be seen at the great Carpet establishment of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, furnish abundant topic for conversation among housekeepers, not only in this city, but throughout the surrounding country. Since the recent addition of two large sales rooms to the already large space previouly occupied by eight extensive sales rooms, making ten in all, the superior facilities afforded to purchasers to view the varied and extensive stock of this great Carpet Emporium, can be seen at a glance. For comfort and every other requisite for the convenience and accommodation of those wishing to buy, No. 99 Bowery is unparalleled. A call will prove the truth of our assertion. Those who once enter this beautiful place, scarcely leave without making a purchase, owing to the beauty, durability, and cheapness of the goods.

"I cannot dance to night."

A young lady thus exclaimed on being requested to display her knowledge of the Terpsichorean art. Very few of our readers would judge of the motive this young lady had in view when she made the above reply. She had been with her papa to look at the Æolian Piano Forte, patented by T. Gilbert & Co., and for sale by the agent, Horace Waters, at his Musical Repository, No. 333 Broadway, and was so delighted with its exquisite tone and richness, that she determined in her own mind she must have one, and she succeeded. Horace Waters is also agent for S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeon, an instrument fast gaining favor in the musical world. If you wish to see and hear either of the above instruments drop in at 333 Broadway, and you will be gratified.

Dr. Hutchings in the field again.

We understand that Dr. Hutchings has transferred his interest in his Dyspepsia Bitters to a firm in this city, and he is now preparing to place before the people an article in the medical line that will throw in the shade any similar article manufactured.

Engraving.

Circulars, ball tickets, and everything in the fancy paper line, can be had at T. Frere's, No. 81 Nassau street. Engraving is also neatly executed.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. ATLANTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, Feb'y 4th. at ½ before 11 o'clock A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
January 21, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. OHIO, Law's Line, for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday Feb. 6, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
21, 1854.

LAWRENCE'S DAGUERREIAN GALLERY,

IS ONE OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE, elegant, and best arranged in this country, occupying two entire floors of the new and beautiful building, 381 Broadway, corner of White street. The Reception Room is beautifully frescoed with a quiet tint, and furniture to harmonize. The Operating Rooms have no equal in magnitude or arrangement of light, being similar (yet somewhat improved) to the one used at 203, introduced by Mr. Lawrence four years ago, and now generally adopted throughout this country, and also in Europe, having had (since the World's Fair in London) applications for drawings, &c., to send to Europe and Asia. As no expense has been spared in fitting up the establishment, and none will be spared to please our patrons, and give them pictures unsurpassed by any other artist.

Having been engaged for more than Ten Years in the Daguerreian Art, the undersigned feels confident that he has no superior. At the World's Contest in London, Mr. Lawrence's Daguerreotypes carried off the *Palm*, being pronounced the *Best* in the Exhibition, and awarded the first premium.

In the "Report of Juries," page 244, they say, "in which for Daguerreotype portraits, America stands prominently forward. America stands *alone* for stern development of character, rejecting, with few exceptions, all accessories, presenting a faithful transcript of the subject, and yielding to none in excellence of execution."—Again, on page 277, they say, "Lawrence of New York has exhibited several daguerreotype portraits, *remarkable* for clear definition and general excellence of execution." Speaking of some of them, they say: "The large one of James Watson Webb and W. C. Bryant deserve particular commendation, that, notwithstanding their large size, they are throughout perfectly in focus, and beautifully finished in all their details. These are two of the best pictures in the American collection." They also speak of other pictures as remarkable. Since "the Exhibition," Mr. Lawrence has received several flattering letters from different parts of Europe, and has been solicited to open rooms there.

Much attention is given to Copying Daguerreotypes and other Pictures. Small Pictures can be enlarged to any desired size. Children of all Ages taken. School and Family Groups taken—of Ten, Twenty, or Thirty persons.

☞ Pictures taken just as well in cloudy as clear weather. A large collection of Portraits of Prominent Men can be seen at the Rooms, which are free to all, at all times. A visit is solicited.

M. M. LAWRENCE,
381 Broadway, Corner White Street.

INSLEY'S DAGUERREOTYPES,

Lower Floor, 311 Broadway, above the Irving House,

NEW YORK.

STRANGERS ARE INVITED TO CALL and examine our Illuminated and other styles of DAGUERREOTYPES, so much admired for their bold effect.

Clergymen of all denominations taken at reduced prices.

SPECIAL MEDAL AWARDED.

GRATIS!

Just Published—A New Discovery in Medicine.

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL Treatment, without Medicine, of Spermatorrhea, or Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and the Back, Indisposition and Incapacity for Study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Head-Ache, Involuntary Discharges, Pains in the side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmities in Man.

From the French of Dr. B. De Laney:

The important fact that these alarming complaints may be easily removed WITHOUT MEDICINE, in, in this small tract, clearly demonstrated and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, so adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly, and at the least possible cost avoiding, thereby, all the advertised nostrums of the day.

Sent, to any address in a sealed envelope, postage stamps Broadway, P.O. box 4586 100

"Down among the dead men."

Our City Fathers, since the beginning of the Reformation, are turning their thoughts toward the grave, and are now meditating upon the propriety of cutting a street through Trinity Church Yard

A Private Secretary.

The duty of a *private* Secretary, according to the Herald, consists in making *public* the secrets of his master.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ALBANY, January 21, 1854. To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that a Special Election is to be held in this State on the third Wednesday of February next, (February 15th, 1854,) to determine whether the people will approve or reject a certain proposed amendment to the Constitution of this State, embodied in a concurrent resolution of the Legislature, of which the following is a copy—

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION PROPOSING AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the following amendment be proposed to the Constitution of this State, and referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and be published for three months previous to making such choice, in pursuance of the provisions of the first section of the thirteenth article of said Constitution.

Substitute for section three of article seven, the following—

After paying the said expenses of collection, superintendence and repairs of the Canals, and the sums appropriated by the first and second sections of this article, there shall be appropriated and set apart in each fiscal year, out of the surplus revenues of the Canals, as a sinking fund, a sum sufficient to pay the interest as it falls due, and extinguish the principal within eighteen years, of any loan made under this section, and if the said sinking fund shall not be sufficient to redeem any part of the principal at the stipulated times of payment, or to pay any part of the interest of such loans as stipulated the means to satisfy any such deficiency shall be procured on the credit of the said sinking fund. After complying with the foregoing provisions, there shall be paid annually out of said revenues, into the treasury of the state, two hundred thousand dollars, to defray the necessary expenses of government. The remainder shall, in each fiscal year, be applied to meet appropriations for the enlargement and completion of the Canals mentioned in this section, until the said Canals shall be completed. In each fiscal year thereafter, the remainder shall be disposed of in such manner as the Legislature may direct; but shall at no time be anticipated or pledged for more than one year in advance.

The Legislature shall annually, during the next four years, appropriate to the enlargement of the Erie, the Oswego, the Cayuga, and Seneca Canals, and to the completion of the Black River and Genesee Valley Canals, and for the enlargement of the locks of the Champlain Canal, whenever from delapidation or decay it shall be necessary to rebuild them, a sum not exceeding two millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The remainder of the revenues of the Canals for the current fiscal year in which such appropriation is made shall be applied to meet such appropriation; and if the same shall be deemed insufficient, the Legislature shall, at the same session, provide for the deficiency by loan. The Legislature shall also borrow one million and five hundred thousand dollars, to refund to the holders of the Canal revenue certificates, issued under the provisions of chapter four hundred and eighty-five of the laws of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, the amount received into the treasury thereon. But no interest to accrue after July first, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, shall be paid on such certificates. The provisions of section twelve of this article, requiring every law for borrowing money to be submitted to the people, shall not apply to the loans authorized by this section. No part of the revenues of the Canals, or of the funds borrowed under this section, shall be paid or applied upon, or, in consequence of any alleged contract made under chapter four hundred and eighty-five, of the laws of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, except to pay for work done or materials furnished, prior to the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two. The rates of toll on persons and property transported on the Canals shall not be reduced below those for the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, except by the canal board with the concurrence of the Legislature. All contracts for work or materials on any Canal shall be made with the person who shall offer to do or provide the same at the lowest price, with adequate security for their performance.

Very respectfully, yours,
ELIAS W. LEAVENWORTH,
Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, Jan. 24th, 1854.

The above is published pursuant to the notice to the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. ja30 to

DANCING AND WALTZING ACADEMY.

M. Kilfoil

RESPECTFULLY announces to his patrons and friends that his classes for the second quarter will commence on the 1st of January next, at the Warren Hotel, corner of Oliver and Henry street, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 10th Avenue and 30th street, on Monday and Thursday of each week.

All the Fashionable Dances will be taught, and every endeavor made to advance the pupil in an accomplishment so essential to ease and elegance of manner.

Ladies and Children's Private classes will commence at 5 and terminate at 6 o'clock P. M. Gentlemen's Private Classes from 6 ur til 7. Ladies Classes from 7 to 8. Gentlemen's from 8 to 9.

A Quadrille practice for both Ladies and Gentlemen from 9 to 11, for the benefit of all pupils.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1854.

OLD BACHELORS, OLD MAIDS, WIVES, Widows, Young Gents and Ladies,

Remember life is fleeting;
Now's the day, the time, the hour,
You'll find that Cupid still has power,
Tho' applied to in the "eleventh hour,"
To still your heart's wild beating.

The "Temple of Cupid," so recently burned down, has risen like a Phœnix from its ashes, with renewed splendor, STRONG in its mighty power, and will be opened exclusively for Valentines for a period of 60 days from the 8th day of January, 1854, on the site of the "Old Stand," 98 Nassau street, New York. Strong has spared no exertion to make the "Temple of Cupid" emphatically the Valentine Emporium of the New World, and will display the largest, most beautiful, and varied assortment of Valentines, Ornaments, Envelopes and Valentine Stationery ever before offered in this country, the manufacture of Paris, London, and the United States.

Cupid respectfully invites a call to the "Temple" where Dealers and Jobbers buying for cash will find advantages not found every day. Orders made up from 5 to 5,000 dollars.

Valentine Companies liberally dealt with.

T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau street.

N. B.—600 kinds of Comic Valentines, new designs. jan28-4tr

DR. PAPE'S SILVER PILLS.

TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—Dr. Pape, having devoted himself in his practice to the treatment of diseases of women and children, will continue to be found daily at his office, 412 Broadway, for consultation, from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Dr. P. is the inventor and only proprietor of that now well known female remedy, "The Ladies' Silver Pills," a most efficacious medicine in all cases of painful, insufficient, or irregular menstruation, even in barrenness, when induced by weakness, or misconstruction, or any similar cause. By proper use of these Pills, as described in the directions which accompany each box, ladies whose health and strength are not such as to permit an increase of family without great suffering and risk to life, may use them as a preventive of pregnancy, and one which they may be assured is entirely without danger. These pills are sold at one dollar per box, and will be sent by mail to any part of the city or country upon the receipt of orders, prepaid. All orders must be addressed to Dr. E. Pape, 412 Broadway, N. Y.

The Oldest Newspaper Agency in the United States.

PRICE & WINANS,

Late S. Hallock,
35 ANN STREET, NEW YORK,
WHOLESALE AGENTS, for all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Pamphlets, Cheap Books, &c., &c.

Arrangements have been made to supply customers with all the Papers as soon as published, and particular attention will be paid to the packing and forwarding of all orders entrusted to our care.

Persons who wish their Papers sent at the earliest possible moment, may rely upon the [illegible] for promptness and accuracy.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Axminster, Moasic, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of Carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

**

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, January 1.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JAN 7. Noon and Croft's Black—£50 a side, London.

FEB 14. Poulson and Paddock—£100 a side, London.

FEB 14. Malpas and Brittle—£50 a side, Dudley.

FEB 28. Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

APR 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE RING FOR 1853.

Meaning of abbriviations:—*b* means beat, *bn* beaten *ft* forfeited, *dr* draw, *wt* weight, *h* hour *r* round, *m* minute. The results of the battles will be found under the names of the victors.

Allen, Tom, wt 6st, *b* Hurley, £3 aside, 1½h, Long Reach, July 18.

Bailey, W., dr with Meek, A., £5 a side, 150r, upwards of 2h, near Portobello, Jan 17.

Baker, Young b Hall, £10 a side, 1h 53m, 61r, Long Reach May 31.

Baker (of Chatham), received ft £25 a side, from Patsy Daly who was overweight, July 19.

Bandoff, fought Duggan (whom see.)

Barry, Bill, wt 9st 2lb, born 1830, b Wareham, Joe, £25 a side, 9r, 14m, Long Reach, July 18.

Bowers, Bill, wt 8st 2lb, bn by Hoiles (Spider).

——,bn by Trainor.

Brandy, bn by Horne.

Broome, Harry, wt 12st 4lb, b Orme, Harry, £250 a side and the Championship, 31r, 2h 18m, near Brandon, Norfolk, April 18.

Brown, George, wt 9st 7lb, b George, Charley, £35 a side, 17r, 25m, Long Reach, May 31.

——,b Hazeltine, £50 a side, 18r, 54m, foul blow, Plumstead, Nov. 10.

Crocket, George, wt, 9st 8lb, met Duncan a second time, £25 a side, 5r.

No intention to fight on either side, and scarcely a blow struck. The stakeholder returned each man his money, Long Reach, Jan 11.

Cruise, Ned, b Trim, £15 a side, 65r, 90m. Cruise broke his arm in the second round. Long Reach, May 31.

Daly, Patsy, ft to George Baker.

Dobson (of Walsall), b Longmore, £10 a side 33r, 75m Porterry Green, Jan 10.

Donnelly, Frank (of Liverpool), bn by Gill (fatal to Gill).

Donnelly, Ned [of Glasgow], fough Jones of Portsmouth [whom see].

——, bn by Jones.

Duggan, Jerry, wt, 10st 7lb, dr with Jem Parker, £10 a side, 2h, 21m, darkness came on, near Rainham, March 15.

——, dr with Bandoff, £10 a side, 75r, 2h 25m, darkness came on, Dagenham, Sept 20.

Duncan, dr with Crockett [whom see].

Edmonds, wt 10st 6lb, bn by Malpas.

Edwards [Croft's Black], b Shylock, £5 a side, 20m, burlesque fight near Brandon, June 1.

Ellis wt 9st 2lb, bn by Hazeltine.

Finighty, wt 6st 13lb, dr with Riley.

Franklin [of Chelsea], wt 9st 4lb, bn by Keefe,

Gayton wt 8st 4lb, bn by Trainor.

George, Charley, wt 9st 10lb, bn by George Brown.

Gilbert, bn by Tracey

Gill, Rory [of Manchester], b Donnelly, F., £10 a side, 35m, near Liverpool, Nov 9. Gill died on the following Sunday, Nov 15. Verdict of Manslaughter against Donnelly, Nobby Clarke, and others.

Grant, fought Hayes [whom see].

——dr with Hayes.

Hall, wt 8st 10lb, bn by Norton.

Hall, R., b Tootill, £15 a side, 9r, 80m Thorpe, near Lincoln Sept 13.

Hall, bn by Baker.

Hawkes [of Birmingham], fought McNulty, who staked £50 to 45, 1h, Delves Green, Wallsall, Jan 12 [after a meeting the previous day at Curdworth Bridge, where the beaks interfered]. Darkness came on, and the referee appointed a fresh meeting for the following day, when McNulty would not agree to the same referee again acting. Long dispute and adjournment. It was ultimately agreed that £50 a side should be added to the stakes, and that they should fight near London.

——, b McNulty £95 to £100 80r, 1h 54m, Rainham Ferry April 4.

Hayes, Bill, fought Grant £100 a side, 73r, 110m, Lower Hope, darkness came on and fight postponed, Feb 8.

——dr with Grant, £150 a side, 115r, 8h 24m, darkness again came on, and, both being severly punished, a draw was agreed upon, and each received £150, East Tilbury, March 29

——,b Jones (Portsmouth, 200 a side, 72r, 3h 3m, Mildenhall, darkness came on, Nov 15. Referee appointed a second meeting the next day, but Jones did not show, and Hayes received the stakes.

Hazeltine, b Ellis, £25 a side, 7r. 15m, opposite Northfleet, Ellis broke his leg, May 24.

——, bn by Brown [foul blow].

Hellier, dr with Rowe.

Hicks, b Unwin, £25 a side, 53r. 85m, Long Reach, Sept 6.

Hoiles [Spider], wt 7st 8lb, b Bowers, £50 a side, 25r, 1h 24m, Long Reach, April 19.

Horne, b Brandy, £5 a side, 59r, 1h 55m, Long Reach, April 19.

RH igan, wt 7st 7lb, b Mose, £25 a side, 83r, 1h 34m, Long each, June 7.

Howell, bn by Williamson.

Hudson, Tom, wt 9st 2lb, b Sparrow, £10 a side, 22r, 30m, Long Reach. Aug 9.

Hurley, Young, wt 6st 7lb, bn by Allen.

Jones, Jack [of Portsmouth—Humphreys], wt 9st 10lb, fought Donnelly £50 a side, 48r, 2h 16m, gallant and exciting mill, both severly handled, darkness came on, Mach, 30 East Tilbury.

—— b Donnelly, £100 a side, 3 2h 6m, Brandon Heath June 1.

——, bn by Hayes.

Ke efe Jack, wt 9st 4lb, b Bos Tyler, £25 a side 30m, 58r, Long Reach, May 3.

——, b Franklin, £25 a side. 28r, 29 m, Long Reach, Aug 9.

——fought Bos Tyler, £25 a side, 25m, 45r, Northfleet, Nov 16 darkness came on, and the fight adjourned to the next day, when 122r, were fought in 3h 12m, on Essex Marshes, both fought to a stand still, money drawn.

Kendrick Bob, b Roberts, £10 a side, 49r, 55m, Shipley Common March 7.

Lane, George, wt 9st 3lb, bn by Noon

Langham, Nat, wt 11st, born at Hinckley, Leicestershire, b Tom Sayers, £100 a side, 61r, 122m, Lakenheath, Oct 18.

Longmore, bn by Dobson.

Malpas, wt 10st 6lb, b Edmonds, £15 a side, 66r, 90m, near Dudley, Oct 10.

Martin, Reuben, died Dec 20.

Martin, Jack, wt 10st 7lb, bn by Sayers.

Massey, ft £100 a side, to Jemmy Welsh, April 20, Massey did not go to scale.

Meek, Alec, ft Bailey (whom see.)

Mc'Nulty, ft Hawkes (whom see.)

—— bn by Hawkes.

Morrissey, John, fought Yankee Sullivan, 2,000 dollars, 37r, Boston Corners, America. Sullivan left the ring during a scrimmage, and the referee decided against him, Oct 12.

Mose, bn by Horrigan.

Mush, Teddy, bn by Rich, C.

Noon, Jerry, wt 9st, 13lb, b Lane, George, £100 a side, 21r, 44m, Long Reach, April 5.

Norton, b Hall, £10 a side, 1h, 26m, 35r, Plumstead, Oct 25.

Orme, Harry, wt 11st, 7lb, bn by Broome.

Parker, Jem, (brother to Con,) wt 10st, 7lb, dr with Duggan [whom see.]

—— b Sims, £20 a side, 38r, 1h, Rainham, Aug 23.

Reed, b Sparrow, £5 a side, 56r, 95m, Long Reach, Feb 22.

Rich, C., b Mush, £10 a side, 21r, 24m, Moxall, Jan 3.

Riley, (of Birmingham,) wt 6st 13lb, dr with Finighty, £10 a side, 45r, 2h 10m, [darkness,] Nov 8.

Roberts, W, [of Wolverhampton] bn by Kendrick.

Rowe, [of Dudley,] dr with Hellier, 17r, 43m, Tuckey Hills, Staffordshire, Aug 29.

Sayers, Tom, wt 10st, 7lb, b Martin, £50 a side, 23r, 55m, Long Reach, Jan 26, having been the previous day to Stevenage, where the police interfered.

—— bn by Langham.

Shylock [Patton's Waiter,] bn by Edwards [Croft's Black.]

Sims, wt 10st, 7lb, bn by Parker.

Sparrow, bn by Reed.

—— bn by Hudson.

Sullivan, Yankee, ft Morrisey [whom see.]

Tootill, bn by Hall.

Tracy, [of Dudley,] b Gilbert £5 a side, 14r, 20m, Moxall, Jan 3d.

Trainor, wt 8st, 5lb, b Gayton, £10 a side, 22r, 28m, Ovenden, March 7.

——, b Bowers, £25 a side, 10r, 40m, Plumstead, Sept 27.

Trim, bn by Cruse.

Turner, Jem, [D'Orsay,] died Oct 27.

Turner, Ned, wt 8st, 2lb, bn by Tyler.

Tyler, Tom, wt 8st, 2lb, b Turner, Ned, £10 a side, 21r, 60m, Half-way House, Kentish Marshes, April 12.

Tyler, Bos, wt 9st, 4lb, bn by Keefe.

——, fought Keefe (whom see.)

Un bn by Hicks.

bn by Barry.

£100

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Geo

ringde

Williamson, wt 8st, 8lb, b Howell, £10 a side, 25r, 35m, Rugeley, Staffordshire, May 30.

Fight for Saturday Next.

JERRY NOON AND CROFT'S BLACK.—The whole of the money for this contest has been made good, and Saturday next, January 7th, has been appointed for the event. Owen Swift is stakeholder. The whereabouts has not yet been arranged, but is to be settled on Friday next, at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air street, Piccadilly. It can be ascertained the same night at Burn's, Owen Swift's, Horseshoe, Tichborne street; Jemmy Shaw's, Queen's head, Crown Court, Windmill street, and other sporting houses. The event appears to cause but little excitement. The following ring-keepers of the Association are on the rota for duty, and will receive 10s each: Charley George, George Baker, Tom Paddock, Billy Duncan, Ned Donnelly, Horrigan, Tom Maley, Wychwood Forester, Charley Mallett, and George Brown.

Powerful effects of Fright.

A few days since a person at Bordeaux, finding one of his chimneys out of order, sent for a sweep to remedy the evil. A boy went up and swept it, but it still smoked, and his master then determined to ascend himself, as he had formerly done. Unfortunately he forgot that since he had become a master sweep he had acquired a degree of corpulency which rendered him rather unfit for such a work, and the result was that on arriving at an elbow in the chimney he became jammed in, and could neither advance nor recede. After making ineffectual struggles for some time he became much alarmed, and cried loudly for assistance. The people of the house hearing him, ascended to the roof, and letting down a rope, succeeded after some difficulty in releasing him from his unpleasant position. As may be supposed, he was black from head to foot from the soot, but strange to say his hair, which before had been rather dark, was turned perfectly white from the extreme fright he had undergone.—Galignani.

WRESTLING.

The match between Harrington and Tiffin, for $25 aside, in the Cumberland and Westmoreland style, came off last Monday morning, at Saville House, Leicester-square. Mr. Margetson was referee. The match was to be decided by the best of five falls, and the betting at starting was 2 to 1 on Harrington, who quickly gained the first fall. Offers were then made at 4 to 1. A fall was claimed by Tiffin, but pronounced no fall. He, however, gained the next, but Harrington still remained the favorite at 2 to 1, and obtained the two succeeding falls, thus winning the match, after a contest of about two hours. The winner can have the stakes at our officee on Monday, at one o'clock. A prize was then given for men of all weights, in which some very fine wrestling was displayed. The last men left in were Harrington, Ivison, and Scott. Scott ultimately won by throwing Harrington the odd fall in three. The room was very full.

PEDESTRIANISM.

AT BIRMINGHAM.

ASTON CROSS GROUNDS, BIRMINGHAM-HANDICAP RACES.—The weather at Birmingham, during the Christmas holidays, has been against all out-door amusements, much to the chagrin of Brummagem men, who take an interest in athletic sports. Monday was cold and wet, and on Tuesday there was a snow storm that has not had its fellow for some years in this part of the country. Notwithstanding these drawbacks there was a large asaemblage on the grounds on Monday, to witness the races set down in the bill of fare, which included in its list some of the first runners, &c., of the day. In fact, a great doubt existed in Birmingham, whether such men would put in an appearance. However, there were upwards of thirty competitors named for the two days' (Monday and Tuesday) sports, and amongst the number who made their appearance at head quarters, were George Seward (the American), G. Frost (the Suffolk Stag), R. Conway, and many other well known men. The only event decided on Monday was—

The Ten Miles Race, for £15. The first prize £10, second £3, third £2. There were eight entered, but only four came to the scratch, viz, Frost, at scratch, Conway, one minute start, E. Thomas of Shrewsbury three minutes, and Martin of Maidstone, three and a half minutes start. A well-contested match ensued, many changes taking place during the race, Conway being the favorite throughout. Frost was decidely out of condition, and had not the shadow of a chance. Martin is a quick and active man, and struggled hard for the first position. Thomas was well up half the way, but also had no chance. The rain falling heavily during the race told much against the men, but, after a good match, they came in as follows:—Conway first, by 10 yards; Martin of Maidstone second; and Thomas of Shrewsbury third.

The six miles walking handicap and he 100 yards race were left to be decided on Tuesday, in the hope of a change of weather; but although the morning (Tuesday) was as fine as could be wished for, with a hard frost, ere the hour of eleven arrived a change came over the scene, there being a continued fall of snow up to two o'clock, the time appointed for the walking match to come off. For men to walk in such weather was impossible. It was a great disappointment to all, as it was expected that the six miles match would have been the most exciting, as there were twelve competitors on the ground. An attempt was made to clear the snow away, but it was found impossible to do it with effect. It was therefore determined to postpone the matches to another day. It has since been arranged that the walking match shall come off on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 28th. The handicap, open to all England will, therefore, stand open till the Wednesday previous. The prizes will be augmented, viz, first prize £10, second £3, third £2. All thing to contend in this match money, viz,

with me." The watchmaker followed the man to the pastrycook's. "I have come to tell you," said the prisoner, "that I shall only want 200—and that you must give the other 200 to this person, your neighbor." On this, the watchmaker unsuspectedly allowed him to walk off with the watch, but to his profound astonishment, there arrived the next day, not 200f, but 200 *brioches*. The trick was then discovered. Nothing was seen of the man until a few days ago, when he was recognised by the pastrycook's boy, dressed in grotesque style, and selling pencils in the midst of a crowd. The tribunal condemned him to a year's imprisonment.—Galignani.

LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Dinner to Harrwitz.

Thursday last the London Club gave a dinner at their rooms, George and Vulture, Cornhill, to Herr Harrwitz, in compliment of his great skill and fortitude—chess qualities both so admirably developed in his late victory over M. Lowenthal. About thirty gentlemen sat down to a handsome dinner, the president of the club, Mr. Mongredien, of course, in the chair, faced by Mr. Hennell and Mr. Waite, the treasurer. Among the chess veterans present, we observed Messrs. Slous, Yates, Medley, Mark Lewis (the well known author), Alsager, Geo. Walker, &c. The chairman proposed "Health and prosperity to Harrwitz" in a bumper, which was responded to with loud cheers. Mr. Mongredien placed a neat-looking roll of bank notes in the hands of Harrwitz and finished his remarks by comment ing on the great courage of Harrwitz in fighting and winning such an up-hill battle. "The London Club," said Mr. Mongredien, "never doubted the superiority of Harrwitz over the 'lynx-eyed' Lowenthal, but naturally thought the match must be lost, when Harrwitz, giving up two games for a week's rest, left his opponent holder of nine games to two. The most absurd stories had gone abroad against Harrwitz. It was said that he purposely gave those two games to throw his adversary off his play. But the sublime of the ridiculous was an assertion that Harrwitz and his friends actually hired a hurdy-gurdy to play beneath the window, by signal, when Lowenthal was studying his move [roars of laughter]. Yes! this charge, rich as it was, actually was brought against Harrwitz. Herr Harrwitz, in reply, thanked the London Club for their constant and straightforward patronage, which he trusted ever to deserve by holding on through life in the path of a gentleman, as well as a chess player. He had naturally felt great despondency, when, finding himself so ill he could hardly stand, he could only get a week's relaxation by forfeiting two games. But, though with but two games against nine, he had no hope of victory over so high and accomplished a player as Lowenthal, yet, he said to his friends now around him, "I shall lose the match, but I shall yet run him much harder than he anticipates." After a game or two, however, his hopes strengthened with his energies, and despair gave place to the assurance of conquest. He rendered every just tribute to the chess skill of M. Lowenthal, and to his personally urbane conduct throughout the match. Referring to the hurdy-gurdy story, he presumed his friends had hitherto refrained from communicating this grave charge to him, lest it should prey upon his nerves. It had really thus far a foundation, that some street music did one evening play beneath the window, till a gentleman went out and sent them off. He wondered the grinders of the hurdy-gurdy story had not compared him to King Richard in captivity corresponding with his partisans by means of the wandering fiddler, his faithful Blondel. Harrwitz resumed his chair amidst shouts of applause. Conviviality was the order of the evening, and the company adjourned to the drawing-room to enjoy a rubber of whist and a cigar. The dinner itself was all that could be wished, but there was room for improvement in the quality of the wines. Look to this, our host of the George and Vulture. We learn that M. Lowenthal would have been present at this dinner but he was engaged to dine with a party at Mr. Worrell's. It was expected both Mr. Worrell and Herr Lowenthal would visit the club later in the evening. Harrwitz feelingly alluded in his speech to the kindness of Mr. Worrell, who had given up much valuable time to sit with Harrwitz nearly throughout the match; and to whose kind encouragement he owed so much, when nearly every chance of victory had left him.

The Game of Chess.

Nineteenth game of match between Harrwitz and Lowenthal.

WHITE. Mr. L.	BLACK. Mr. H.
1. Q B P 2	K B P 2
2. K P 1	Q B P 2
3. Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3
4. K Kt P 1	K P 1
5. B to Kt 2	Q Kt to B 3
6. K Kt to R 3	B to K 2
7. Castles	Q to Q Kt 3
8. Q R P 1	Castles
9. Q P 1	Q P 1
10. B to Q 2	B to Q 2
11. Q R to Kt sq	Q R P 2
12. Q Kt to K 2	K R P 1
13. Q B to B 3	K Kt P 2
14. Q P 1	PxP
15. PxP	Q to R 3
16. Q B P 1	PxP
17. PxP	Q R to Q sq
18. Q to B 2	K Kt to Kt 5
19. K BxKt	BxB
20. Q Kt P 2	Q B to K 5
21. Q to Kt 2	BxR
22. RxB	PxP
23. PxP	Q to Q 6
24. R to K sq	B to B 3
25. BxB	RxB
26. Kt to Q B sq	Q to Q 4
27. Q to B 3	Q to Q 7
28. QxQ	RxQ
29. Kt to Q Kt 3	R to Kt 7
30. Kt to R 5	K P 1
31. Q KtxP	K P 1
32. Kt to Q 6	Kt to K 4
33. R to Q B sq	Kt to B 2
34. Q B P 1	R to Q B 2
35. Q B P 1	PxP en passant.
36. K B P 2	K B P 1
37. R to B 5	K Kt P 1
38. PxP	K Kt P 1
39. Kt to Kt 5	PxKt
40. RxPx	K to B 2

Q Kt P 1, and Bl ed

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Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.

IT CURES

Scrofula, Tumors, Bleeding of the Lungs,
Syphilis, Consumption, St. Vitus Dance,
Sores, Rickets, Salt Rheum,
Asthma, Nodes, Canker,
Bronchitis, Fever Sores, Rash,
Ulcers, Erysipelas, Tetters.

The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resovent will positively cure.

It renovates the system completely, Rescuing away from the Solids all impure Poisons and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring Energy and Vigor, Health and Strength, to every Organ and Member of the body.

LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

HON. J. J. MIDDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C. Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. "That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured five of his negroes, on his plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a disgusting object to look at, being a mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same house with him. None of the doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. Mr. Middleton is well known, and to the political world Mr. Middleton is no stranger.

SCROFULA.

Mr. W. B. Oliver, of Dalton, Dooly Co. Ga., under the date of May 30, 1853.—Writes, "that a servant girl who was reduced till no one would give a trip for her life, she was so covered with sores, that there was not a pot of pure flesh of the size of a dollar or her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

NINETEEN YEARS.

MRS. HENDREN, of Westfod, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. Resolvent.

SALT RHEUM.

The most ignorate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that his complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sour healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

WEAKNESS.

Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy. Impotency and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS

In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cause such gloom over their spirits a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuin ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac-simile signature of

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York

R. R. R. No. 3.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS.

REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION

All the organs and Secretions of the body, restores to Health and Strength,

THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS.

COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.

Costiveness, Liver Complaint,
Indigestion, Heart "
Dyspepsia, Kidney "
Dropsy, Bladder "
Urethra "

DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE

Dizziness, Inflammation of th Stomach,
Stupor, Biliousness.

MELANCHOLY.

MALIGNANT DISORDERS.

Small Pox, Measles,
Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia, Typhoid Fever,

AND FEVER OF ALL KINDS.

Influenza, Pleurisy, Common Colds

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Irregularity, Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria, Womb Difficulties,
Whites, Amenorrhea,
LOSS OF APPETITE, Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy, Loss of Strength,

R. R. REGULATORS

ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

Perfectly Tasteless, Never Sicken,
Good at all times, Never Gripe,

DOSES,

ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.

One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.

RADWAY'S REGULATORS, READY RELIEF, RENOVATING RESOLVENT ARE SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

RADWAY & CO.

The Strangers' Guide

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to stranger and others, the localities of every place of amusnte in New-York City, together with the prices of admission, time of opening, and much othes useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Bowery Theatre.

Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street. Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery ..... 12½ cts.
Manager, ... E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ... Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, ... F. E. Wemyss.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.
Company:
Mr E. Eddy, Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn, Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn, Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens, Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb, Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.
Mrs Parker, Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell, Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.

Burton's Theatre.

Chamber's-Street, opposite the Park.
Manager ..... Mr. W. E. Burton.
Parquette, First and Second circle of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.
Company:
Mr Burton, Mr Holland,
Russell, T. Johnson,
Jordan, Barett,
Norton, Fiber,
Andrews, Edeliff,
Levere, Moore,
Mrs Buckland, Mrs Hughes,
Burton, Brunton,
Cooke, Hough,
Miss Julia Melby, Mrs Raymond,

Wallack's Theatre.

Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and Dress circle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.
Lessee ..... Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager .. Mr. Lester.
Treasurer ..... Mr. Charles Wallack.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past
The following a the names of the members of the Company:
Mr. Blake, Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham Mr. Walcot
Mr. Lysander Thompson, Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. J. B. Billings, Mr. F. Chippendale
Mr. Fyster Mr. Rea,
Mr. Chandler, Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Brown, Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke, Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.
Mrs. Lara Keene, Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Caway, Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover, Mrs. Bradbury,
Miss Osmond, Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Valcot, Miss Norval,
Miss Fayleure Miss Osborne.
Mrs Blake.

National Theatre.

Chatham-Street, between Rosevelt and James.
Manager ..... Mr Purdy
Dress Circle and Boxes ..... 25 cts.
Parquette for colored people ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7½,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Company:
Mr. Prior, Mr. J. Lingard,
J. B. Howe, H. Stone,
G. W. L. Fox, N. B. Clarke,
Herbert, J. B. Terry,
L. Fox, McDonnell,
Toulmin, Rose,
T. Blake, G. Lingard,
Mack, Daymond,
Lyons, Mitchell,
Clline, Smith,
Master Murray.
Mrs. G. C. Howard, Mrs. J. J. Prior,
Lingard, Myers
Bannister,
Miss Fanno Sanders, Miss Barber
Cordelia Howard.

Broadway Theatre.

Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony.
E. A. Marshall, Sole Lessee.
Parquette and Three Circles of Boxes.

NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE BALL SEASON.

Brougham Light Guard.

FOURTH ANNUAL BALL AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—On Monday evening, Feb. 6th, we had the pleasure of attending—by invitation—the Fourth Annual Ball of the above named Company, and feel bound to say we never spent a more pleasant evening, nor have we ever looked upon a fairer assemblage of beauty and manhood, than graced the vast ball room on that joyous occasion. A full and efficient orchestra discoursed the most sweet and eloquent music, among which were the "Brougham Schottisch," "Jullien's Katy Did" Polka, and "Pop goes the Weasel" Quadrille, and as each merry disciple of Terpsichore whirled through the mazes of the dance, the scene seemed like some fairy elysium. The floor was under the Management of Messrs. Captain McDermott, J. Hall, and F. McQuinlan and assistants, and well did they perform their tasks, seeming to outvie each other in promoting the pleasures of "ye goodlie companie." The supper was excellent, the entire arrangements satisfactory, and "take it for all in all," this ball was undoubtedly the gem of the season. The Corps, by the way, is named in compliment to John Brougham, Esq., the gentlemanly Actor and Author, attached to Wallack's Theatre, and as a body of citizen soldiers, reflects credit on the Empire City.

We arrived just as Adkins Celebrated Band [of 20 pieces] were performing the *Grand Promenade*, and consequently had a fine opportunity of beholding the *entree*. We were in a perfect state of stupor in regard to the choice of Belle, when a lady entered the room accompanied by a gentleman, who at once impressed upon our mind that nature intended her to be the favored one—we afterwards learned that she was the amiable Miss G. W. R——ge, of 8th Avenue. Mr. K——d and Lady, of Greene street, were present and seemed to enjoy themselves greatly; Mr. Cline and Lady from the National Theatre, seemed as if they wished to "dance a little more to-night." The Misses D— er, of Monroe street, were remarkable for their very neat appearance, they were in company of John Welsh, Esq., a Tall Son of York. Miss Kate B——n could not easily be beaten as regards beauty and lady like bearing. Miss S. H—ly, of Monroe street, attired in a Brochade Delaine, commanded universal attention. Miss M. W—ton, of Montgomery street, must feel flattered by the many admirers she had during the evening; the facinating Miss W—te, of Pike street, was attired in a Blue Brochade silk dress, and was one of the bright lights, of the evening. Miss E. M—t, of Brooklyn, also appeared very attractive. Miss S—ens, of Norfolk street, was very well attended to by her many admirers. Among the male notables we observed the noted Major P. O. Flaherty, of her majesty's royal 69th stationed at Canada—he was a perfect model for the admirers of Terpsichore to copy from. Capt. Gwin and J. H. Freil of the Lindsey Blues, and Capt. T. Langden, U. S. A., were among the crowd of *menkind*. The dancing was kept up to an early hour in the morning and every thing passed off with that spirit of Harmony, which ever *characterizes* the *Broughams*.

Harrison Guards Ball.

The fourth Annual Ball of the Harrison Guard took place on Monday evening, Jan. 30. We were not able to attend, but understand that everything passed off in good order, and that all those who attended, were delighted with the arrangements.

The 4th Annual Ball of the Harrison Guards took place on Monday evening, Jan. 30th at Tammany Hall. The company is named after Michael Harrison, Esq, and is composed principally of young men of the 6th Ward, and commanded by Peter J. Waters. The ball was well attended, and among the ladies present we must say that Mrs. McDermott, the lady dressed in a blue brocade silk dress, was without doubt the 'Belle of the Ball.' Among the other ladies present, we must notice Miss Theresa C—y, of Hamilton street, who was accompanied by the 1st. Lieut. of the D. Donnovan Guard. Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Chesnut street, were also present, looking as happy as ever; also Mr. and Mrs. David N—n, Miss Mary Kelly, of 1st. Avenue, and others. The commitee were very attentive, and reflected great credit on the company. We noticed many old friends present, among whom were Messrs James Duffy, Chas. Foley; David Noonan; James Garvey; John Martin; and a number of others.

Manhattan Foundry Guard.

The Second Annual Ball of the Manhattan Foundry Guard, will take place at the North American Rooms, on Wednesday evening next, Feb. 15th.

CORRECTION.—In our report of the ball Franklin Engine Company, No. 3, of Brooklyn, last week, we unintentionally omited the name of the worthy foreman of the company, Robert H. Barr, who in his official and private capacity is ever the gentleman.

Yankee Sullivan.

Now that Mr. Sullivan has retired from the ring, we hope he will be allowed to carry on his business, umolested by those moralists who would injure every sporting character. Mr. Sullivan is now endeavouring to earn a livelihood without resorting to the prize ring, and those who have been the gainers by the exertions of Sullivan in the prize ring, should stand by him in his efforts to serve the public in his retirement. The house of Mr. Sullivan is in a good location, 82½ Chatham street, and his liquors, ales, wines and segars are of the best. Give him a call.

Out of Place.

During one of the *coldest* days we have had this *winter*, we noticed in the window of a clothing store, a notice of 'selling out to make room for *summer stock!*' This was about the *coolest* way to raise the *wind* we ever heard of.

The Crossings Sweepers.

We consider the arrest of these useful little people rather a *small* business, even if they *do* occasionally bespatter a Broadway dandy with mud, when he can't stop to give them a copper.

Wrestling.

CHALLENGES FROM BOTH PARTIES.

There seems to be an unusual degree of excitement among the sporting fraternity, in relation to the contemplated wrestling match between Coit, the Indian, of Brooklyn, and a resident of this city. We have been visited during the present week by the friends and backers of both parties, and all seem desirous to bring about a match. That our readers may be kept perfectly "posted up" in regard to every particular connected with the affair, we give the following challenges:—

"Mr. Coit will wrestle any man in the world, for the sum of $500, back falls, best three out of five, side holds."

The gentleman giving us the above notice, we know is a responsible man, and able to make good ten times the amount stated.

"We are authorised to challenge Caesar Coit, the Indian, of Brooklyn, to make a match with a resident of this city, for the sum of $500 or $1000 aside, two out of three falls."

We have the address of the person referred to, but in order to make everything perfectly 'fair and square,' we hereby give notice that we will meet any or all of the above parties at our office, on Monday next, between the hours of 3 and 4 P. M., where a match can be made. We think this is the proper course to pursue, and we have no doubt it will meet the approbation of those directly interested.

Exciting times in London.

JOHNNY WALKER MATCHED TO FIGHT BILL HAYES.

By the arrival of the Arabia's mails we learn that Johnny Walker, formerly Champion of the light weights, who has been a long-time on the shelf, has again come out, and made a match with Bill Hayes, to fight for £100 aside, on the 23d of May, we presume at catch weight, as there is no stipulation on that subject in the articles; £10 aside are down, and the next deposit of £10 aside is to be made at Alec Keene's Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on the 25th. The Editor of Bell's Life says: should this match come to a fight, it will be one of the most interesting events that has occurred for years.

It will also be looked forward to with intense interest in this country, where Johnny Walker gained a host of friends, especially in New York and Philadelphia, by his correct deportment in all circles of society. We shall keep our readers fully advised of the progress of this match, which promises to be so deeply exciting.

Alfred Walker and the Spider.

Alfred Walker, (brother to Johnny Walker,) and Hoiles, the Spider, Champion of the Feather Weights, we learn, have just entered into an agreement, and staked £5 aside, to fight, for £100 aside, in 12 weeks from Jan. 17, Hoiles confining himself to 7st 11lbs, and Walker to 8st 4lb.; to weigh the day before fighting. This promises to be one of the most interesting little mills we have had for years, as both are well known good men, and possessed of first rate scientific acquirements.

Fight between Jerry Noon and Croft's Black.

We will give a full report of this fight, which took place near London, on the 7th of Jan., in next week's Clipper. Noon was the victor, after fighting 1 hour and 22 minutes.

Accident from Wrestling.

Mr. Stevens, of the Bowery Theatre, was seriously and perhaps dangerously injured on Sunday last, whilst engaged in a friendly wrestling match with Mr. Hamilton, of the same theatre.

Sparring Exhibition at Brooklyn.

A Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of young Creran, of Brooklyn, previous to his going into training for his fight with Gallagher, of Troy, will be given on Tuesday evening next, 14th inst., at the People's Hall, corner of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. There will doubtless be a strong turn-out of the fancy on the occasion.

The Fireman's Widow.

The members of Hamilton Engine Co., No 15, of Brooklyn, will give their third annual ball on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14th, at Montague Hall, Brooklyn, the proceeds of which are to be invested for the benefit of the widow of the late foreman of the Company, John J. Riley, who was drowned, while bathing at the foot of 39th street, North River, on the 21st of June last. We hope the laudable efforts making by the members of 15 to make this a real benefit to the widow of a gallant fireman, will meet with liberal support.

Sparring Exhibition.

A Sparring Exhibition will be given at Grand street Hall, on Thursday evening, 12th inst., for the benefit of Jem Parker. Several of the pugilistic fraternity will lend their aid on this occasion, and some good se'st-to may be expected. Admission, only 25 cents.

Poor Fellow.

A hard-working woman, on whom had depended the support of a large family, lately died in this city, leaving a *husband dependant upon his own exertions* for his future subsistence. Here is an object for the attention of 'benevolent and charitable individuals.'

Hyer and McCleester.

In next week's Clipper will be published a full and authentic report of the prize fight, some years since, between Tom Hyer and Country McCleester. This was the first and only battle fought by Hyer previous to his fight with Sullivan.

A New Magazine.

The New York Monthly is the title of a new Magazine, the first number of which has just appeared. From a glance at its contents, we feel perfectly safe in recommending it to the attention of the reading community. Griffin & Farnsworth are the Editors, and Dexter, the agent.

Our feelings at the moment.

Man's lifeis a series of changes; to-day he flourishes, and is strong in the hope of a prosperous future. Like the unrippled ocean he calmly abides any demand upon him. All is cheerful. The sunny heaven s are in harmony with his thoughts. Could we now at this moment secure his reflected image, it would, in future time, convey to the remembrance of friends, pleasing reflections. The child would retrospect the past with emotions intense and peculiar. He would be led to contemplate the coming future with thoughts of vital importance to his welfare. Hence it is that every one should embrace the first opportunity to secure his counterpart, and as H. E. Insley, of 311 Broadway, has had a "special silver medal" awarded to him for his rich, clear and brilliant daguerreotypes, we fee confident that he can do justice by giving metalic immortality to "our feelings at the moment."

Busy Times Approaching.

The winter is rapidly gliding away, and spring, that glorious season of sunshine and of flowers will soon be with us. Already has its approach given an impetus to business, as can be seen by a look into the *ten* large and spacious salesrooms of Hiram Anderson's Great Carpet Establishment, No. 99 Bowery. This celebrated place can only be likened to the hive of the busy bee for like those useful little workers, those in attendance are continually on the move: they are ever busy, be the season elsewhere dull or brisk. And what a glorious flower garden do the rich and beautiful colored fabrics represent, as we roam from room to room, admiring this pattern, that design, or the brilliancy of all. It is indeed a treat to take a walk through No. 99, and examine the assortment of Carpets on hand at the present time. There is not a gerater variety to be found at any other establishment throughout the Union.

The Crowded Thoroughfare.

Chatham street is always well filled with the various grades of society, the hardy workman and the gentleman of ease. In this street, bargains are to be had to suit all classes, all tastes. But the celebrated hat stores of Messrs Rafferty & Leask, No. 57 Chatham street, and corner o Chatham and Pearl, attract an unusual degree of attention from the fact that at these places only can be had that superior article, the "Daguerrean Hat," invented and patented by the above named gentlemen. The hat is always got up in the latest style, and the daguerreotype likeness of each purchaser is given gratis.

On the Half-Shell.

Stewed, fried, or roasted, oysters can always be had at "Ned's Snug Harbor," No. 362 Broome street. Ales, Liquors and Segars of the best quality are kept constantly on hand, and those who patronise this little spot once, will be sure to find their way back again. Try it, if you wish to prove the truth of our assertion.

Such Eyes.

There is a certain fact worthy of note, in relation to the mysterious performance of a certain gentleman in our city. Were it not for the good volume we certainly would style him a creator, and yet we don't know as it would be gainsaying When we look about the spacious rooms on the second floor of 546 Broadway, and then see the almost breathing portraits of friends, it fills us with emotions of the most lively character.—"Such eyes, ears, mouth, and that long nose," 'tis all so perfect, and all taken at once,—just such as are taken, colored, and cased complete, for fifty cents, at Thompson's, 546 Broadway.

The Force of Habit.

No matter how cold or how stormy the weather may be it makes no difference in the patronage of customers at Weeks' Eating House, No. 83 Nassau street. There is no secret connected with the success of this famous establishment—the fact is notorious to all that for variety, cleanliness and really good meals, Weeks' is without a rival; this is saying a great deal, considering the great numbers of eating houses in this city, but such is the fact.

Game Cock.

The State Poultry Show at Albany will commence operations to-morrow. We suppose there will be much gobbling, and some quacks present, and that more cocks will crow in that city than were dreamed of by Chapman in Hoosier land.—*Tribune, Feb.* 6.

We wish our thousands of readers to understand that the Chapman referred to above, is not Levi Chapman, who holds forth at 118 William Street, where can be had those far famed and unexcelled Magic Razor Strops!

Personal Experience.

We have, in former seasons, been severely afflicted with chapped hands, face, &c., but having this year determined to put to the test the much-lauded Italian Medicated Soap, as prepared by Dr. Gouraud, we at once on the commencement of cold weather procured a supply of the soap, and have used it up to the presen. time, and our skin is as free from chaps as it is during the warm seasons. We can attribute it to nothing else but the use of Dr. Gouraud's Soap, and we make known the fact that others may profit from our experience. The Italian Medicated Soap may be procured of Dr Gouraud, at his office, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, where may be had various other cosmetics.

Dancing.

Read the advertisement of Mr. Kilfoil, in the Clipper. Mr. Kilfoil is well acquainted with the art and mystery of dancing, and has a peculiar way of instructing his pupils, which gives the greatest satisfaction to all who place themselves under his care.

Work! Work!

We call the attention of those out of emblovment to the advertisement of Thomas Spink, in another column. The agency office of Mr. Spink, at No. 522 Broadway, is in a good location, and his facilties for procuring employment for those in want are numerous.

Sport! Sport!!

At the house, 590 8th Avenue, corner 42d st., on Thursday evening, 16th inst, there will be some rare sport. Ba[illegible]

"Our Friend and Pitcher."

On a distant shore lived a man, the offspring of genius in his latter days; his visage was that of the most profound contemplation; his wanderings were alone and silent; his lips compressed with firm determination; his pace was quick and steady; his eyes bespoke a keen perception; that brow, drawn down by thought, portrayed deep research. It is well within our recollection, when the wondrous workings of that mind were brougnt to light, and held forth to the world. The astounding disclosures were in every mouth. It was a time of universal surprise; the lightnings had just been harnessed and tamed subservient to the will of Science. And now another and *no less* wonder was echoed and *re-echoed* from land to land, until the temple of Science and Art shook from their very foundations. The rays of light had been held in subjection, and as by magic her mysterious pencillings weaving a brilliant transparency securely chaining the shadows of fleeting nature to the metallic tablet. Such was the discovery of Daguerre; his name is immortal, and familiar as household words.

It is not in the least surprising that, in a country like ours, an art so valuable and interesting, should find many disciples or professors, and it would not be strange or wonderful to find that *some* of these professors possess a greater degree of merit and skill than others. Now we, as public journalists, are in duty bound to guide our readers in the right. Consequently, we would say, that over a year since, a prize of a Silver Pitcher, of the value of five hundred dollars, was offered to any one who would produce four of the best specimens of the Daguerreotype. This magnificent prize was open for competition to the whole world, and from the productions of the numerous competitors, those by J. Gurney, of 349 Broadway, were pronounced superior.—Hence it is that we feel warranted in recommending as worthy the public confidence the works of Mr. Gurney, "our Friend and Pitcher."

Things of Beauty.

It is said, and with truth, that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." We were never more strongly reminded of this fact than while recently visiting the extensive Jewelry establishment of two of our most enterprising citizens—*Carroll & Hutchinson*, 547 Broadway. These young gentlemen, with an eye ever to the wants of human fancies, are ready to satiate the most extensively ambitious passion, with brilliants clustered in gold, to suit the most fastidious.—The Queen Diamond, with her host of kindred gems, reign here in supreme profusion. Those monitors (having their ingenious machinery encased with delicate or massive foldings of gold,) which indicate that time is fleeting. Those Jewels and Fobs artistically jetted o'er with gems, with an abundance of rich Jewelry and Fancy Articles, can be purchased in keeping with the times and season, at Carroll & Hutchinson's, 547 Broadway.

She Loved Him So.

A lady not long since called on S. J. Thompson, at his extensive Daguerrian establishment in the City of Albany, and inquired for a Daguerreotype of a friend, whom she stated had "been taken there." Mr. T. looked over nearly all of his old specimens, when he found the much desired picture. The lady was perfectly delighted, and declared it one of the finest likenesses she had ever seen. Now we must confess that we can see nothing out of the way in that, for Thompson takes the most life-like portraits of any one in that district.

True to the Life.

Such of our Brooklyn friends—if any there be—who are not acquainted with the works of Mr. J. Atkins, the skillful Daguerreotypist, at 263 Fulton street, should at once repair to his establishment, and "secure the shadow ere the substance perish." Mr. A. is fully prepared to do *execution* at the shortest notice. His likenesses fairly speak; and it is no uncommon thing to see his *portrait wink*.

"A Lad born without a Shirt!"

At the Young Continental House, No. 100½ Warren street, can be seen some of the greatest curiosities ever exhibited in this great city of wonders. Among the most prominent of the attractions offered to the notice of the public, apart from a supply of good Liquors, Segars, and refreshments of all kinds, is the nondescript Bobby Lee, a lad, *said to have actually been born without a shirt!* This unprecedented novelty can be seen by all who visit the house, without money and without price. Shorty attends to the wants of customers. Call in, and see Bobby Lee.

Badger Baiting, Ratting, &c., &c.

Some good sport may be witnessed at the house of James McLaughlin, 155 First Avenue, on Friday evening, 10th inst. See advertisement in another column.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. PACIFIC, Colins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, Feb'y 18th, at ½ before 11 o'clock A.M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
February 11, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR, Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday, Feb. 20, at 1 o'clock P. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
Feb. 11, 1854.

SPORTING ENTERTAINMENT.

RATS! RATS!! RATS!!!—On Thursday, February 16th, 3 Collars will be given for the best dogs, on the following terms: 1st. for the best black and tan Terrier, under 16lbs, at 5 Rats. 2nd, for the best dog under 30lbs, at 6 Rats. 3rd, for the best Dog, at all weights, Rats for pounds, at 5 Rats. The Bears, Punch and Judy, the Wolf, the Badger and Coon will be on hand for sport that night.

N. B. Rats gratis. Tickets 25 cents each, to be had at the bar, where the Collars can be seen. The proprietor bars his own dogs, and guarantees there shall be 200 Rats, and that the Collars shall be given up as they are won.

500 Eighth Avenue, corner 42d st. To commence at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Sporting,

AT JAMES McLAUGHLIN'S, 155 First Avenue, at the Sportsman's Retreat, on Friday evening, February 10th, 1854. The sports of the evening will commence with Bear Baiting, for a handsome Collar. Badger Baiting, for a Silver Cup. The two Coons, for two Collars, —one for young pups, and the other for small dogs. 150 Rats to be killed, for two Collars. Black and tan Terriers to kill six Rats each—Bull Terriers to kill six Rats each. The dogs making the best time shall receive the prizes.—Cup, Collars, and Rats, free of all charges.

Doors open at 7 o'clock—to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents; to be had at the door.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Drinking Saloon, 100½ Warren street, called the *Young Continental House*. If coaxed a little he will attend on the outside and sing the American Boy, while Shorty will wait upon you from the inside. Call and see.

P. S—Bobby Lee, the Lad that was Born without a Shirt, in attendance when called for.

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CON-

A Card.

At a special meeting of the Lindsey Blues held on Friday evening, Jan. 27th, 1854, the following resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the warmest thanks of the Lindsey Blues be tendered to Mr. William A Miller for his presentation to this *corps* of an ingeniously designed and magnificently executed Company Roll, which reflects equal credit on the taste and talent of the designer, Mr. R. P. Risdon, and the liberality of the donor.

Resolved, That as occasion presents itself we reiterate our former expression of thanks to the numerous staunch friends of the Lindsey Blues for the many valuable tokens of their kind'y feelings towards us, which we have been in reception of, and assure them, one and all, that we shall ever endeavor to preserve green in our memories the recollections of their kindness, that we may thereby be stimulated to renewed efforts to prove more and more worthy of it.

Resolved, That these resolutions, suitably engrossed, be entered upon the minutes, a copy presented to Messrs. Miller and Risdon, and also be published in the NEW YORK CLIPPER and *Herald*.

EDGAR A. ROBERTS,
JOHN W. GOETZ,
JACOB F. COHEN. } Committee.

DANCING ACADEMY.

M. KILFOIL,

GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully inform them that his Dancing Classes are continued as usual, at Bechtner's Hotel, 210 William street; at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 30th street and 10th avenue, and that he has opened a new Academy at National Hall, 44th street, between 8th and 9th avenue, where all the newest and most fashionable Dances, Waltzes, &c., &c., are taught, and unremitting attention paid to the improvement of his pupils, in an accomplishment, so essential to grace and elegance of manner.

New classes are forming every evening at each of the above schools, so that pupils can begin at any time, and receive the same advantages, as those who commenced at an early period of the season.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1854.

OLD BACHELORS, OLD MAIDS, WIVES, Widows, Young Gents and Ladies,
Remember life is fleeting;
Now's the day, the time, the hour,
You'll find that Cupid still has power,
Tho' applied to in the "eleventh hour,"
To still your heart's wild beating.

The "Temple of Cupid," so recently burned down, has risen like a Phœnix from its ashes, with renewed splendor, STRONG in its mighty power, and will be opened exclusively for Valentines for a period of 60 days from the 8th day of January, 1854, on the site of the "Old Stand," 98 Nassau street, New York. Strong has spared no exertion to make the "Temple of Cupid" emphatically the Valentine Emporium of the New World, and will display the largest, most beautiful, and varied assortment of Valentines, Ornaments, Envelopes and Valentine Stationery ever before offered in this country, the manufacture of Paris, London, and the United States.

Cupid respectfully invites a call to the "Temple" where Dealers and Jobbers buying for cash will find advantages not found every day. Orders made up from 5 to 5,000 dollars.

Valentine Companies liberally dealt with.

T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau street.

N. B.—600 kinds of Comic Valentines, new designs. jan28—3t

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in xistence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'lock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom. - - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 15th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.....Proprietor.
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Anatomical Museum,

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form. Open day and Evening. Admittance 25 cents.

Price & Winans,

[35 ANN STREET, NEW YORK,

WHOLESALE AGENTS, for all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Cheap Books, &c., &c.

Arrangements have been made to supply customers with all the Papers as soon as published, and particular attention will be paid to the packing and forwarding of all orders entrusted to our care.

Persons who wish their Papers sent at the earliest possible moment, may rely upon the *Young Firm* for promptness and accuracy.

AGENCY OFFICE.

522 BROADWAY, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.)—Persons requiring competent and faithful clerks, salesmen, porters, school teachers, drug clerks, coachmen, barkeepers, waiters, boys for hotels, stores and trades, will please call and leave orders; and applicants for any of the above situations will find it to their interest to register their names. Girls requiring places as housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, nurses, chambermaids, and for general house work, can be certain of getting first class employments. THOMAS SPINK, Ag ent.

$500 REWARD.—JEFFRIES' ANtidote, a Specific Mixture for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures and similar disorders. It makes a speedy cure, without the least restriction of diet, drink, exposure, or change in application to business. The proprietor challenges a single case which the mixture will not cure, under the forfeiture of five hundred dollars. Further—the disease cannot be contracted if a dose of the mixture is taken when exposed. It is put in bottles, with full directions, at $1. One bottle lasts a week—many are cured in two days. For sale by C. H. RING, 192 Broadway; 108 Bavard st. f11 3mos

$500 REWARD.—DR. CROSS' man's Specific Mixture, for the cure of gonorrhœa, gleet, strictures, and analogous complaints of the organs of generation. Our object is to notify where it may be had; and the proprietor challenges a single case of gonorrhœa to be brought which the mixture will not

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Moquette, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide, 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 3s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 15s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
99 Bowery

Jan. 21.

LAWRENCE'S DAGUERREIAN GALLERY,

IS ONE OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE, elegant, and best arranged in this country, occupying two entire floors of the new and beautiful building, 381 Broadway, corner of White street. The Reception Room is beautifully frescoed with a quiet tint, and furniture to harmonize. The Operating Rooms have no equal in magnitude or arrangement of light, being similar (yet somewhat improved) to the one used at 203, introduced by Mr. Lawrence four years ago, and now generally adopted throughout this country, and also in Europe, having had (since the World's Fair in London) applications for drawings, &c., to send to Europe and Asia. As no expense has been spared in fitting up the establishment, and none will be spared to please our patrons, and give them pictures unsurpassed by any other artist.

Having been engaged for more than Ten Years in the Daguerreian Art, the undersigned feels confident that he has no superior. At the World's Contest in London, Mr. Lawrence's Daguerreotypes carried off the *Palm*, being pronounced the *Best* in the Exhibition, and awarded the first premium.

In the "Report of Juries," page 244, they say, "in which for Daguerreotype portraits, America stands prominently forward America stands *alone* for stern development of character, rejecting, with few exceptions, all accessories, presenting a faithful transcript of the subject, and yielding to none in excellence of execution."—Again, on page 277, they say, "Lawrence of New York has exhibited several daguerreotype portraits, *remarkable* for clear definition and general excellence of execution. Speaking of some of them, they say: "The large one of James Watson Webb and W. C. Bryant deserve particular commendation, that, notwithstanding their large size, they are throughout perfectly in focus, and beautifully finished in all their details. These are two of the best pictures in the American collection." They also speak of other pictures as remarkable. Since "the Exhibition," Mr. Lawrence has received several flattering letters from different parts of Europe, and has been solicited to open rooms there.

Much attention is given to Copying Daguerreotypes and other Pictures. Small Pictures can be enlarged to any desired size. Children of all Ages taken. School and Family Groups taken —of Ten, Twenty, or Thirty persons.

☞ Pictures taken just as well in cloudy as clear weather. A large collection of Portraits of Prominent Men can be seen at the Rooms, which are free to all, at all times. A visit is solicited.

M. M. LAWRENCE,
381 Broadway, Corner White Street.

INSLEY'S DAGUERREOTYPES,

Lower Floor, 311 Broadway, above the Irving House,

NEW YORK.

STRANGERS ARE INVITED TO CALL and examine our illuminated and other styles of DAGUERREOTYPES, so much admired for their bold effect.

Clergymen of all denominations taken at reduced prices.

SPECIAL MEDAL AWARDED.

TO BALL COMMITTEES.

BALL CIRCULARS, Tickets, AND Orders of Dancing.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to call the attention of Ball Committees to his magnificent assortment of Fancy Papers and Cards, for Ball Circulars, Tickets and Orders of Dancing, just imported from England, France and Germany, was all as to his large and superb stock of the Choicest American Patterns.

He holds himself in readiness to execute, in the very best manner, at moderate prices, and on the shortest notice, all Commissions from Ball Committees. Being a practical engraver on Copper, Wood and Steel, any designs that may be required can be furnished in the highest style of the arts.

An entirely new and original style of Order of Dancing has been prepared, and pronounced the most tasty thing of the kind ever offered.

All forms of wording for Invitations furnished gratis; there by obviating all trouble to Committees in that particular. Appropriate engravings for Military and Fire Companies, used in printing, also without charge.

Ball Committees are cordially invited to call and inspect the stock of

I. PEKEE,
No. 61 Nassau st., [illegible] N. Y.

THE PLEASURES OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.

DEAR SIR—While B—— is looking after the guns, and breakfast is preparing, I send you an account of our sport yesterday, which coming from the wilds of the far far West, may prove interesting to many of your readers.

We had been hunting for some time, and had already exhausted our stock of balls. B—— was some distance behind me, when I saw a fine Buffalo swimming the creek. Running round it as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side on his intended landing-place, just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows, into which I had waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced great pleasure as, he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifty paces. Poor stupid fellow! I would willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant. I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of tha barrel passed to one side; there he stood; he had not flinched, he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change that had taken place was in his eye; this, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beeming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed; had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck. Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left handed barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake; but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life; an increased flow of blood from the wound and additional lustre in his eye were the only signs of his being struck. I was now unloaded, and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared each other out of countenance. With a short grunt he suddenly sprang forward; but fortunately, as I did not move, he halted; he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to have had my 4oz. rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for that rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the power of defence, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting-knife—a useless weapon against such a foe. Knowing that B. was not aware of my situation at the distance which separated us (about a mile), without taking my eyes from the figure before me, I raised my hand to my mouth and gave a long and loud whistle; this was a signal that I knew would be soon answered if heard. With a stealthy step, and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. It seemed aware of my hopelessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water, and stamping violently with his fore-feet. This was very pleasant! I gave myself up for lost; but, putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist. Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-handed barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces and two other pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying servants. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel; and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it in the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within about seven paces from me; and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle would certainly floor him; and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

At this moment I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B.'s voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue; but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded, and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned B. to reserve his fire till a bull should be close into me, and seem to aim at his head. The words were hardly uttered, when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me. It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge.

Away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree about half a mile from us, whose whitened branches rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this we directed our flying steps, and after a run of a hundred yards, we turned and looked behind us. He had regained his feet, and was following us slowly. We now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted, and the sport we must have afforded him. On he came, but fortunately so stunned by the collision with the Spanish features upon the coin which he had dared to oppose, that he could only reel forward at a slow canter. By degrees, even this pace slackened, and he fell. We were only too glad to be able to reduce our speed likewise; but we had no sooner stopped to breathe, than he was again up and after us. At length, however, we gained the tree; and we beheld him with satisfaction stretched powerless upon the ground, but not dead, within two hundred yards of us. We retreated under cover of the forest to the spot at which we had left our horses, fortunately meeting no opposition from wild animals; and we shortly arrived at the village, at which we have taken up our quarters, vowing vengeance this morning for the defeat we had sustained.

Should we meet with any other stirring adventure, I will let you hear of it by the first party of trappers that start for the cities; meanwhile, wishing you every success with the coming New Year,

I am yours, J. H. C.
Chillevallah Village, Pawnee Country,
November 28, 1853.

COMMITTAL OF THIMBLE-RIGGERS.

At the Mansion House, on Saturday week, Richard Rolfe and Alfred Large, two notorious magsmen, were charged with defrauding Edward Fairbrass. The prosecuter gave the following evidence: I am a sailor, living at 3, Crown and Shear-court, Minories. I was going along Tower-street, about half-past two o'clock yesterday, when Rolfe asked me if I could show him the way to London Bridge. I said I was going a little way towards it, and would direct him. He said he was going to Australia, and was then going to buy £9 worth of clothes, and would like me to go to the shop to see if they were good enough to go out in. I agreed to accompany him. He asked me to take something to drink, which I declined. He then said he wanted to get something to drink himself, and invited me into a public-house with him. I said I had not much time to spare. He asked me up stairs, and pressed me to take something to drink, when I said I would have only a glass of water. Two other men then came in, one of whom was the prisoner Large, and another man came in with razors, which he offered to sell. We all refused to buy any. I then saw a pack of cards on the table, and the razor-man took out three cards—an ace, the jack, and the ten of hearts. The prisoners then began to gamble with that man, and called out, "one pound," "ten shillings," and "five shillings," betting that they would put their hands on the right card. Rolfe turned up the corner of the jack, so that it might be seen, and they all asked me to bet upon them. I said I had only a shilling or two; when Large replied, "You've got a watch; you can put that for two pounds, if you've got no cash." I took my watch off my neck, and put it towards the cards. The razor-man put down two pounds against my watch, that I would turn up the jack. I then turned up the card that I supposed was the jack, from its having been bent, and found that it was the ten of hearts, which had been substituted for the jack. Large then said to me, "If you don't want to lose your watch altogether; it is worth more than £2, I'll release it for you." The man with the razors took up the watch, and put it in his pocket. Large said he would redeem it if I could get the money to pay him again. I said, I would; upon which he put £2 on the table. The razor-man took up the £2, and put them in his pocket, and gave the watch to the prisoner Large, who put it in his pocket, and said to me "Come along, I'm in a hurry." I said to Rolfe, "If you are going to buy the clothes you spoke about, you had better go now." He replied, "Oh, I've lost 5s, and I must go and get more money." Large and I went away together, and he proposed that we should go and pledge the watch, which we did for 25s. I gave the money to Large, taking the duplicate myself. We then went to a public-house, where he paid for a glass of gin and water, which we drank. He then said, "When am I to get the 15s to make up the £2?" I told him I would give it him the following afternoon, if he came to my house for it. He said he would meet me at that public-house the next day at four o'clock, and asked me, in the event of my meeting any of his companions, not to let them know about it, as he did not wish to be known. He then asked me the way to London Bridge, and said he was going to Australia, and we parted. I told the whole matter to my mother, who communicated with an officer, who apprehended Rolfe on Tower hill, and shortly afterwards Large was captured near the same spot, after trying to escape from the officer. Rolfe said, "I'll give you anything to let me go," and pulled out of his pocket 30s, and handed it to me, and which I took, still holding him I said to him, "No, I'll not let you go." I gave the 30s, to the officer at the station-house. I should not have noticed the prisoners, who would have escaped, had not the officer pointed them out.—T. Hayton, City constable, 588; From information I received, I accompanied the prosecutor to Tower-hill on the 23d instant, where I met the prisoner Rolfe. I said to the prosecutor, "This is the one you want, is it not?" He replied, "Yes." I then took Rolfe into custody, telling him I charged him with defrauding the sailor of 25s. He said he was innocent; that it was not him, and that the prosecutor must be mistaken. On the way to the station-house I met the prisoner Large in Tower-street. I said to the prosecutor, "That's the other," pointing to Large. He said it was. At this moment the sergeant of the Pension Office on Tower-hill was passing, whom I left in charge of Rolfe, and pursued Large, whom I succeeded in capturing, after a long chase. On Rolfe I found a £5 note. I have known Rolfe about two years, and have frequently seen him prowling about the Minories, Tower-hill, and Thames-street. I have frequently seen them enter the public-house—Brown the landlord of the Ship Afloat, the house in question, denied all knowledge of the prisoners, who were committed for trial. Large was again charged, with a man named Thomas Crane, with defrauding a John Trotter Hamilton. Hamilton stated that he met Large on Towerhill, on Wednesday week, and he, like Rolfe, appeared ignorant of his way to London Bridge. Witness agreed to show him, and on the way they talked of Autralia, and at last, on reaching Brown's public-house, the prisoner invited him in to have a glass of ale—Alderman Moon: and yet the londlord swore he did not know Large. Some inquiry must be made about this house. The witness continued: I observed to him that my time was short, when he said we would only stay a minute or two. We then went up stairs into the parlor, when he called for two glasses of ale. Another "gentleman" (Crane) then came up to him, and said, "What do you think? Some men have been calling these things nutshells (alluding to some gambling cups); I call them monkeys' skulls; I brought them from Gibraltar" (laughter). He said to Large, "I'll show you how to play with them out The remaining evidence went to prove that before the prisoners had done with the prosecutor, they had swindled him out of £20 5s. It was proved that the prisoners were well-known associates and magsmen, and they were commited for trial.—*English Paper.*

From Bell's Life in London, January 8.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH Ships Contrasted.

MR. EDITOR: Your last week's correspondent in search of a yacht had better make up his mind what he wants it for. If perfection of *fast* sailing, he can't have a perfect sea-boat, and *vice versa*. The American model, by which I mean sharp concave bows, must *per se* make a ship less buoyant to the coming sea than the old British convex line. The happy medium must be hit to combine both qualities; but, if a medium, why expect it to compete with the extreme of either? That British ships are generally better sea-boats than the American is not, I believe, to be denied. The China trade—the great battle-ground of the two nations—has lately afforded one or two examples. The first ship of the new season was the American Architect, 500 tons, which made the passage to London in 108 days, beating the Hero of the Nile, a vessel of 355 tons, by three days. The difference of size about makes up for the difference of time. So far so good for Americans. A month later sailed the great American gun of the season, the Challenge, 2,000 tons. This ship, the year before, caused much bobbery in China, owing to the refusal of some English insurance offices to insure her cargo, which their nautical advisers did not consider her in a condition to carry safely. This year, I believe, objections were partly overruled, and her passage was looked for with much interest by her American admirers, to prove themselves right, and by the doubters, who waited to be convinced. Her immense size and American character would have led a stranger to suppose that her rivals, the Flying Childers, 286 tons, and the Stornoway, 527 tons (both English), could not have the slightest chance; however, after a passage (unusally stormy weather prevailing) of 108 days, the Stornoway arrived at Liverpool, and the Flying Childers (six days longer) in 114, but the Challenge put into Fayal in a sinking state, all hands at the pumps, many hundred chests of tea thrown overboard, much more of the cargo greatly damaged, and the whole obliged to be there landed, the ship unable to bring it on. Pleasant work for the underwriters. The other American champion of the season was the Nightingale, 1,163 tons, a ship built, I have heard, to send over at the time of the Exhibition, to show what American builders could do. This vessel left Shanghai in tow of a tug on the same day the English Challenger, of 698 tons, made sail for London. The British vessel arrived in the Downs in 109 days, the American two days after her. On discharging, the Challenger's cargo was found to be in good condition, while, of the other, bales of silk rotted into a putrid mass, and chests of tea, utterly valueless, were exposed, while a dense warm vapor came steaming from the open hatches. How will the underwriters like that? The only other American ship sailing about this time was the Racer, 1,669 tons; leaving Shanghai in July, she did not reach London until December, rather more than 180 days, notwithstanding that sixteen knots is her habitual speed in American waters—I suppose in the California "coasting trade." Somehow or other they all go faster there than they do alongside a Britisher. If I had time, and you had space, I could spin you a yarn of the doings on the coast of China; and more particularly of two American schooners sent out there to lick everything. But enough for the present, and I must conclude by one little remark—notwithstanding, or, rather, in consequence of the above competition, it has done us a deal of good. Between you and me, navigation-laws and protection had made British shipowners dead slow.—Yours, &c., CHOPPED DOLLAR.

ENGLISH CARPENTERS AND AMERICAN BUILDERS.

Mr. Editor: Your correspondent "a Ship Carpenter," in his zeal for British talent as exemplified in yacht building, is guilty of several inaccuracies, which *Bell's* love of fair play, will, I trust, not allow to pass unnoticed. With respect to his strictures on the America, it will be remembered that this yacht came to England in the summer of 1851, with the avowed design of being matched with anything that might be produced against her. At the Squadron Regatta she beat 12 or 15 yachts of all sizes and rigs, and was, at length, at the close of the season, challenged by the Titania, of 100 tons, but not, as your correspondent adds, "a notoriously slow vessel" (of this hereafter.) This yacht was beaten, according to the ordinary calculation of time for tonnage, rather more than her time in running, and thrice as much in turning to wind—her favorite point. The match was looked on at the time, rather as an attempt to appreciate the relative qualities of the two vessels, than as the result of a mistaken idea of Titania's powers, on the part of Mr. Stevenson, and, as such, considered favorable to the America. In 1852, shortly after her return from the Mediterranean, the America was beaten at Ryde Regatta, in light winds, and with a scratch crew on board.—Nevertheless and notwithstanding the known readiness of her then owner to accept any challenge, she remained unmolested until her match with the Sveridge, a vessel one-third larger, and in every respect, a close, if not faithful, copy of herself. Here she was slightly beaten in running, but immediately recovered herself on a wind, and the Swede was nowhere at the finish. So much for this vessel's performances. Your correspondent asserts that Lord de Blaquiere's challenge was accepted by "at least three English yachts;" but I submit, we should be here again misled by *trusting to the* "Carpenter." That challenge offered to sail any vessel in a fair, open channel, the inside of the Wight being expressly excepted. The answers were: one from the Volante, proposing to sail in 'the river (!);' and one from Lord Londesborough, offering to sail—not Mosquito, which had *beaten* America just previously, but a schooner, to be built by the following September—in eleven months! Surely this assertion of the acceptance of the challenge had as much *bounce* in it, as anything ever proceeding from Yankee land. The 'Carpenter' asks, 'where was the America last year?' Where, may I ask, was her *precocious* opponent, the St. Ursula? This *entered-before-footed filly* of a nautical Derby! affirmed by your correspondent to be of English parentage, but giving, when brought forth, unmistakeable marks of being a half bred Yankee. As to the Silvie, I agree with the 'Carpenter' in her depreciation of that yacht, as a sea-going vessel, for which she was not designed by her builder, being of extraordinary shallow proportions, and built for a special purpose. Her owner authorised or allowed her being *offiches* as ready to sail any yacht for 100,000 dollars: but in no other way, as far as I am aware, was there any *bounce* displayed by those connected with her; and as to her 'challenge flag at Cowes,' all I can say is, that I never saw or heard of it, being 'at and about' that port the whole time the Silvie was there. She was beaten by the Julia, Ratsey's latest clever adaptation of '*American lines*' and took the second prize by no *dodge*, but by strict compliance with the rule of the Squadron Sailing Committee, making a line from the Yarborough Monument to the Nab Light Ship, the goal; whereas the Julia and Arrow went outside the latter mark. As to the asserted challenge from the Alarm, and refusal to sail, I should be glad to know whether this be a fact, and if so, whether it occurred after or before Silvie's defeat, which, I may add, was not an unforeseen event, this vessel by no means meeting with the same 'love at first sight' as did the America. The 'Carpenter' then proceeds to prove that the American model has not been successful, by instancing the victories of the Phantom, Vampire, Kitten, and other river yachts, which he calls the *results* of last season, seeming to ignore the existence of about 20 vessels, amounting, in the aggregate, to above 2,000 tons, built within the last two years, and all modelled or adapted from the lines of America, Mary Taylor, or Moses Grinnell, given in Griffith's American work on naval architecture! And still the 'Carpenter' maintains that English builders are not indebted to Mr. Steers! Why, sir, if each of the large builders contributed a handsome sum towards a testimonial to this artist, and then set up his bust, or figure head, in a conspicuous part of their yards, their obligations to him, even in a pecuniary point of view, would not be overpaid. Any attempted appreciation of the two schools of building, represented by the Phantom, Musquito, &c., on the one side, and the America on the other, would occupy too much of your space. The first may be called the Poole school, including all vessels of great draught or water, amount of ballast, rake of sternpost, and artificial stability. Of this we have no specimens beyond 50 or 60 tons, it being found impracticable to any greater size, and consequently stopping short of being, as once amusingly denounced by a veteran yachtsman, "a national calamity!" The American lines have been applied with success to the smallest boats; and increased stability, weatherly qualities, easiness of motion, and economy in ballast, hands, and gear found to be the result. Lastly, we have the roomy, old English yacht, as represented by the Corsair, Novice, Anaconda, and others. A clever builder and friend of mine [Mr. M. R.] will tell you—while showing the advantages of the new school by a few masterly strokes of his never failing piece of chalk—that they are too slow for his patrons, and that 'gentlemen should sell them for *fruiterers*." Yet these were our *clippers* before the America! The names of Scott Russell and Stevenson are about the last one would think of connecting with any 'notoriously slow' production; yet such is the 'Carpenter's' character of the first Titania, a vessel evidently meant for speed, as witness her great length, sharp bow, a sternpost of some 18 feet rake, with the spars and sails and real powers of 130 tons. In the new Titania, the builder has not disdained to adopt the rounded sides of the America, as American builders have acknowledgedly taken *his* wave-bow [see Griffith's Naval Architecture.] These two vessels having been built within reach of the 'Carpenter's rule—perhaps literally—he can tell us whether the last is more likely to sustain the credit of the British school, as represented on the Thames. Yours, &c.

SINBAD.

P. S. I have just seen the letter of 'A Yachtsman' in your last; and, although slightly confused in some of his data, think him right in his deductions. He even understates the number of Americanized yachts.

The great Four-Mile Race.

This was a handicap foot race, four miles, for a prize of £15; second, the entrance money, £3.

John Siddall, Radcliffe (20 yards start)	1
James Pudney, London (scratch)	2
Richard Conway, Preston (40 yds start)	0
William Priestley, Bermondsey (50 yards start)	0
John Seville, Oldham (100 yards start)	0
Daniel Holdsworth, Tonge Lane (100 yards start)	0
John Fromond, Norwich (200 yds start)	0
Thomas Hulme, Bolton (260 yards start)	0

For this race Pudney was backed against the field; Priestley and Fromond were much fancied, and considerable sums invested upon them; 5 to 1 against Seville. But the winner, about two hours before the contest came off, was scarcely mentioned, though prior to the start 4 to 1 was taken. In consequence of a dense fog which prevailed, Mr. Jennison had men stationed at various places to see that the pedestrians kept the path which marks out the half mile lap; and owing to the darkness which then enshrouded the ground, we can only give a very imperfect description of the contest. After Priestley had run thrice round he gave up; at two miles Conway followed his example; at two and a half Holdsworth tired, and shortly afterwards Seville gave up, the others keeping on at a capital pace, Siddall and Pudney being in close company, though they had each alternately possessed the lead. When three miles and a half had been traversed Fromond resigned and it was evident the race lay between Siddall and Pudney, the former then leading by two yards. Soon after, however, Pudney once more became the premier; but, on arriving at the post denoting a quarter of a mile from home, Siddall shot past his opponent, and won by at least 70 yards, Pudney tiring. The time occupied was 21 minutes 2 seconds.

Pedestrianism.

DOINGS AT WEST HILL PARK, HALIFAX.

HORROCKS AND SHERDON'S LATE DISPUTED RACE FOR THE HALIFAX HALF MILE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT AND £50—Joseph Horrocks of Halifax and James Sherdon of Sheffield ran their disputed race for the Halifax Half Mile Championship Belt, and £25 a side, on Monday last, in the presence of between 2,000 and 3,000 spectators, in West Hill Park, Halifax. About half past three o'clock the men came to the scratch. Sherdon appeared in excellent condition, and had evidently been preparing for it in earnest. Horrocks had a very severe cold on him at the time, and did not look so well. After one false start they got off, Sherdon taking up the running, and he kept it until within 100 yards of home, when Horrocks put on the steam, passed his man, and went in a winner by about 10 yards. Betting at starting even, and in some instances 11 to 10 on Horrocks. Time, 2 minutes and 12 seconds. We are glad that this is at last so amicably settled.

NORMAN AND CLANCY.—A walking match of seven miles between T. P. Norman and T. Clancy (both of Huddersfield) came off in West Hill Park, Halifax, on Monday last, for £10 a side. There was a considerable concourse of spectators on the grounds, who manifested great interest in this and the above match. On the men appearing, Clancy allowed Norman (by arrangement) two minutes start. They got off pretty well, and each maintained a good pace until within a quarter of a mile of home, when Clancy, with great effort, succeeded in coming up to his man, and went in an easy winner, Norman giving in as soon as Clancy came up with him.

A queer case of close Shaving.

At the Liverpool police court, on Wednesday, John Hodson, a little slovenly man, not remarkable for cleanliness, and in whom the lines of beauty were not very conspicuously developed, charged Michael Devine, a publican, in Scotland road, with assaulting him by cutting off his hair and whiskers. The evidence went to show that on the 2d inst., the complainant, whose libations to the "rosy god" are frequent and hearty, was sitting in the house of the defendant, when some one present offered him 3d if he would allow him to cut off one of his whiskers and the hair on the opposite side of his head. The complainant agreed to this, and, after some conversation, was deprived of a portion of his hirsite ornaments by Mr. Devine. He afterwards went to a barber's shop, where the remainder was taken from him. The complainant alleged that this deprivation of his hair took place against his will, and that afterwards his master refused to give him work, on the plea that he looked as if he had just escaped from gaol. Mr. Devine said the complainant was perfectly sober at the time, and knew quite well what was being done. He would sell himself for drink, and he had sometimes allowed himself to be tarred, and at other times drenched with water for a glass of grog. Mr. Wyebergh, the magistrate's clerk, said it was not a case of assault; the complainant could only bring a civil action for loss of beauty and loss of work.—The case was dismissed.

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STATE O.

SECRETARY'S OF.
uary 21, 1854. To the S.
of New York:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, th.
Election is to be held in this State on th.
Wednesday of February next, (February 1.
1854,) to determine whether the people will approve or reject a certain proposed amendment to the Constitution of this State, embodied in a concurrent resolution of the Legislature, of which the following is a copy—

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION PROPOSING AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the following amendment be proposed to the Constitution of this State, and referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and be published for three months previous to making such choice, in pursuance of the provisions of the first section of the thirteenth article of said Constitution.

Substitute for section three of article seven, the following—

After paying the said expenses of collection, superintendence and repairs of the Canals, and the sums appropriated by the first and second sections of this article, there shall be appropriated and set apart in each fiscal year, out of the surplus revenues of the Canals, as a sinking fund, a sum sufficient to pay the interest as it falls due, and extinguish the principal within eighteen years, of any loan made under this section, and if the said sinking fund shall not be sufficient to redeem any part of the principal at the stipulated times of payment, or to pay any part of the interest of such loans as stipulated the means to satisfy any such deficiency shall be procured on the credit of the said sinking fund. After complying with the foregoing provisions, there shall be paid annually out of said revenues, into the treasury of the state, two hundred thousand dollars, to defray the necessary expenses of government. The remainder shall, in each fiscal year, be applied to meet appropriations for the enlargement and completion of the Canals mentioned in this section, until the said Canals shall be completed. In each fiscal year thereafter, the remainder shall be disposed of in such manner as the Legislature may direct; but shall at no time be anticipated or pledged for more than one year in advance.

The Legislature shall annually, during the next four years, appropriate to the enlargement of the Erie, the Oswego, the Cayuga, and Seneca Canals, and to the completion of the Black River and Genesee Valley Canals, and for the enlargement of the locks of the Champlain Canal, whenever from delapidation or decay it shall be necessary to rebuild them, a sum not exceeding two millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The remainder of the revenues of the Canals for the current fiscal year in which such appropriation is made shall be applied to meet such appropriation; and if the same shall be deemed insufficient, the Legislature shall, at the same session, provide for the deficiency by loan. The Legislature shall also borrow one million and five hundred thousand dollars, to refund to the holders of the Canal revenue certificates, issued under the provisions of chapter four hundred and eighty-five of the laws of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, the amount received into the treasury thereon. But no interest to accrue after July first, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, shall be paid on such certificates. The provisions of section twelve of this article, requiring every law for borrowing money to be submitted to the people, shall not apply to the loans authorized by this section. No part of the revenues of the Canals, or of the funds borrowed under this section, shall be paid or applied upon, or, in consequence of any alleged contract made under chapter four hundred and eighty-five, of the laws of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, except to pay for work done or materials furnished, prior to the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two. The tolls of all persons and property transported on the Canals shall not be reduced below those for the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, except by the canal board with the concurrence of the Legislature. All contracts for work or materials on any Canal shall be made with the person who shall offer to do or provide the same at the lowest price, with adequate security for their performance.

Very respectfully, yours,
ELIAS W. LEAVENWORTH,
Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, Jan. 24th, 1854.

The above is published pursuant to the notice to the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. ja39 te

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